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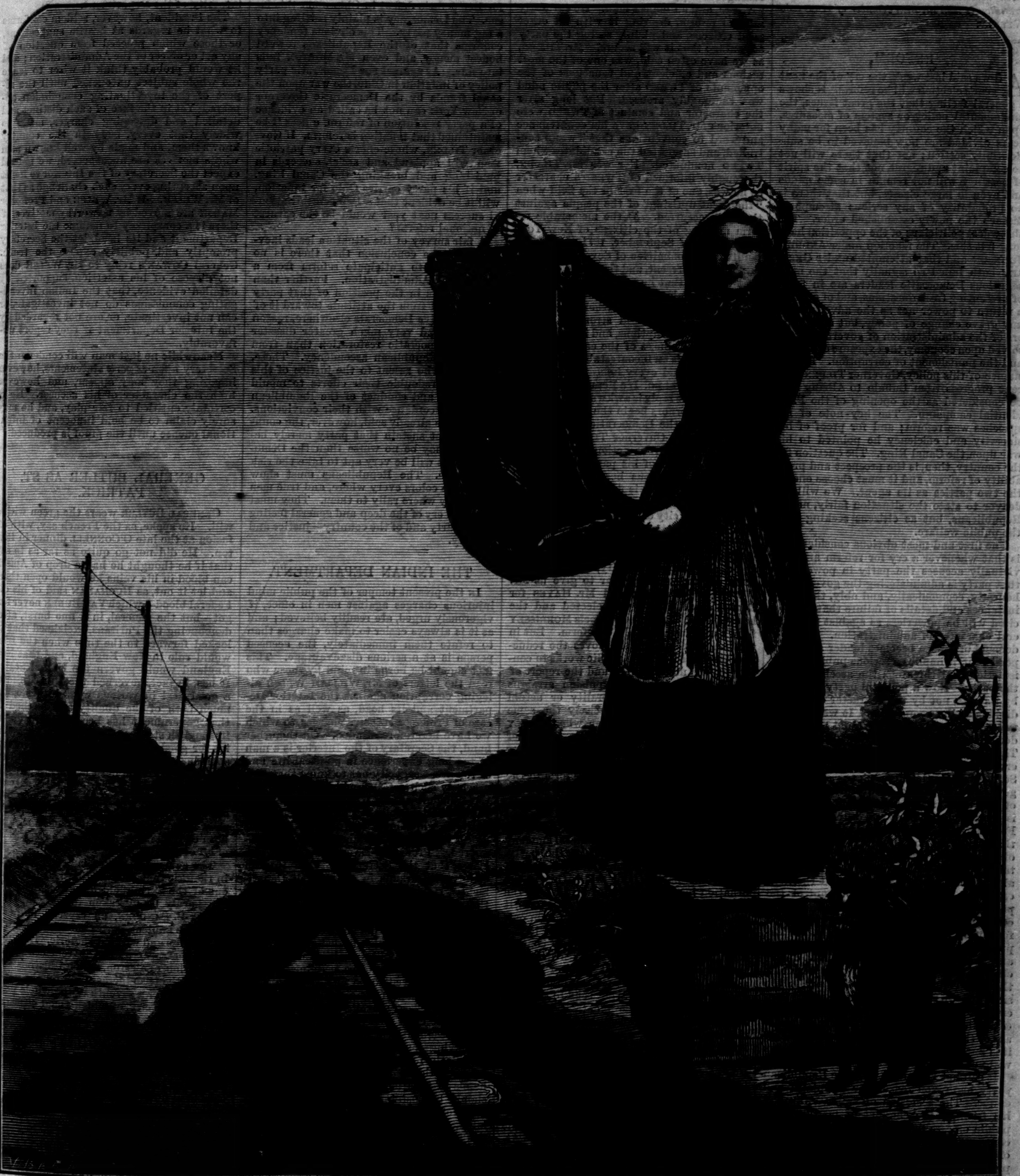

THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER—SKETCH AT A WESTERN FLAG STATION.—[See Page 718.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

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REFORM.

AS we said last week, the cry of the next year's election will be reform. It shows a general feeling that the great issues, the fundamental policy or system of measures, upon which the country has been for many years divided are now believed to be substantially settled; not that there will not be complaint and regret, not that the spirit of hostility will not remain in some minds and even in large classes, but that there is no probability of any serious attempt to disturb the newly established order. The shrewdest politicians of the opposition have long felt this. The reaction under ANDREW JOHNSON and that attempted under GREELEY both failed so signally that the most sagacious Democratic leaders are in favor of presenting fresh questions, and of seeking a return to power not as the advocates of any grave change of policy, but as reformers of the administration of government, resolved upon economy, the exposure of abuses, and the punishment of corruption. In pursuance of this policy, Governor TILDEN's recent progress from Buffalo to Albany may be considered as the opening of the Presidential campaign. The key-note of his speeches was reform; and for proof of his sincerity and efficiency he pointed to his war upon the Canal Ring. The question for the country, then, is the prospect and probability of reform, and it must choose one of the two parties as its agent. We will endeavor to state the situation fairly, not as Republicans, but as citizens seeking only the public welfare.

The first and most obvious consideration is that whenever a cry for reform arises it virtually accuses the party in power. If that party is administering the government honestly, economically, and ably, the petty instances and details of failure that may be cited will be powerless as against the general character of administration. But if a demand of reform becomes louder and more persistent, it implies a serious public dissatisfaction, and threatens the ascendency of the party. Now a political party is judged by its acts, not by the character of the individuals who compose it. It was in vain twenty years ago that individual Democrats declared that they were opposed to slavery. The Democratic action strengthened slavery, and the party was judged by that fact. So now, when the Republicans control the government, it is no answer to the demand of reform to say that the Republican party is composed of honest and intelligent men. For the unanswerable rejoinder is that if that fact does not appear in the character of those who represent the party, in the details of the public service, and in the general party measures, it is plain that the honesty and intelligence do not control the party, and the appeal based upon them is consequently futile. Was it a sound reason for voting for General BUTLER that the Republican party in his district was intelligent and honest? If it were so, how did it chance to nominate him? The result is that the country is very apt to say, in the situation we suppose, that as there are honest and intelligent men among the Democrats, and as it is evident that the Republicans of that kind do not manage their party, it is but fair to see whether such Democrats will not manage theirs.

It can not be denied that the Republican party has given reason for complaint and doubt. The secession of Mr. SUMNER and his friends; the conduct of many of the public officers in the Southern States; the contemptuous abandonment of the reform of the civil service to which the party pledged itself in its last National Convention; the low moral tone of some conspicuous party leaders, and their advocacy of financial dishonesty; the prolonged silence of the President upon the question of a third term; the liquor frauds in the Internal Revenue Department; and the distinct and unqualified charges of corruption against one of the highest officers of the government and one of the President's confidential advisers by Professor MARSH and Mr. WILLIAM WELSH (of which we speak elsewhere): such facts as these, accumulating upon the public attention at a time when the old issues are thought to be settled, when there is great general discontent arising from hard times, and with the common impression that every party in power becomes corrupt, produce a feeling that "a new deal," a change, reform, are imperatively necessary to the public welfare, and incline the country to adopt the only practical alternative. The alternative is the support of the Democratic party as the hope of reform. Is such a hope reasonable?

It rests solely upon the action of Governor TILDEN, of New York. Mr. TILDEN is a sagacious, intelligent, and able (but not courageous) political leader, an intense partisan, and an honest man. He earnestly intends reform, desiring it with all other good citizens, and plainly seeing the party advantage that it will secure. Mr. TILDEN, as we have often said, was one of the most zealous and efficient and tenacious of the opponents of TWEED after the public mind was thoroughly aroused. But long after the character and conduct of TWEED were notorious Mr. TILDEN gave his countenance and word to conventions that TWEED controlled, and supported the candidates whom TWEED nominated. Nor was Mr. TILDEN, thoroughly informed of TWEED's character as he was, one of the first in the field when "the great uprising" of the people against the Ring occurred. At the memorable reform meeting of the citizens of New York on the 4th of September, 1871, which appointed the Committee of Seventy, Mr. TILDEN was not present, and the *World* declared that the fact that he with some other gentlemen stood aloof "shows that the excitement is factitious." Nevertheless Governor TILDEN is honestly and strongly arrayed against canal corruptions, and is engaged in reforming the abuses of the canal administration. This is an incontestable advantage to his party, and every honest citizen will heartily support him. If a Republican sneers, the Democratic reply is awkward: "Why did not your Governors begin the work?" But unfortunately the Democratic record of reform ends with Governor TILDEN and the canals. His vigorous action is not representative of that of his party, even in the State. The notorious head of the Canal Ring with which he is fighting is a Democrat, sustained by a large party interest. Moreover, the city of New York is controlled by the Democrats. What signs of reform does it present?

Mr. JOHN KELLY, "the boss" of Tammany and of the party in the city, combined with JOHN MORRISSEY last year to give us Mr. WICKHAM for Mayor and Mr. HAYES for Register. The first was elected and the last was not. KELLY now expels MORRISSEY from Tammany, and calls it reform. But in the same breath he disapproves the reduction of wages upon the public works to conform to the market price, and the report of KELLY's committee of expulsion arraigns MORRISSEY not for immorality or actual misconduct—for he is precisely the same man that he was last year when KELLY combined with him—but he is expelled for insubordination as a party man. In other words, he is accused of independence. The only real Democratic show of reform in the city is the proposition of the chief of public works to pay the market rate of wages, and not to use the public money to pay premiums to Democratic voters. But this measure is repudiated by KELLY and Tammany Hall, the controlling power of the party. Sides are taken, indeed, upon the subject within the party. But while this is the situation in the State and city in which the Democrats raise the loudest cry of reform, it can not be truly said that it is a reform party. And still less can this be said in the other States which the Democrats control. Their ascendency in such States has been marked only by the usual greed of patronage, and by the election of extreme Bourbons. In Connecticut they send to the Senate Mr. EATON, of the fanatical Southern State-sovereignty school, and in Missouri they replace Mr. SCHURZ with General COCKERELL, noted only as a Confederate soldier. It seems, then, that the Democratic reputation of reform rests upon Governor TILDEN in New York. But certainly his excellent activity proves no more for his party than that of the Secretary of the Treasury, expressly sustained by the President, with the zeal of the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, proves for the Republicans.

But Democratic "reform" can be best studied in the State of Ohio. The importance and significance of the local election of this year in that State were fully understood. Success in Ohio was believed to prefigure national success next year. Under these circumstances the Democrats have raised the cry of rag money. If they carry Ohio, their wisest men agree that their national party platform will declare for inflation, and inflation would be a disaster deeper and more destructive to the welfare of the country than can be easily described. It would be speculation and corruption rampant, and the possibility of reform would be annihilated. The mere demand upon the part of the Democratic party has already settled party tendencies upon the subject. There have been inflationists in both parties. But now the hard-money THURMAN acquiesces with a vapid protest. Mr. CHURCH, the New York Chief Justice of Appeals, hitherto considered a hard-money Democrat, treats the subject in the airiest manner. Governor TILDEN, in the ardor of canal reform, has not a word of warning or disapproval of this fatal financial policy of his fellow-Democrats. The Baltimore *Gazette* alone among Democratic papers hopes for Democratic defeat in Ohio upon this issue. The Democracy is plainly settling into a rag-money party. This obvious tendency confirms that of the Republicans toward honest money, and even Mr. MORTON falls into line. As against the Democratic party policy of inflation in Ohio, the war upon the canal frauds by the Democratic Governor of New York can not be called an evidence of a party resolution of reform, unless it be maintained that inflation is reform. If Governor TILDEN, whose efforts every patriotic man will applaud and assist, succeeds in punishing and breaking the Canal Ring, and if his party carries Ohio for inflation, will it be evident that a Democratic national success next year would be the earnest of national reform?

A fair survey of the situation leads inevitably to the conclusion that there is no good reason to anticipate reform from a Democratic Administration. Farther than this, there is in the position of that party in Ohio, and from the attitude toward it of representative Democrats elsewhere, reason to apprehend very much greater disaster from a Democratic restoration than from continued Republican ascendency. Those, therefore, who assent to the justice of this view will redouble their efforts to mould the policy and conduct of the Republican party in accordance with their convictions. As we have already said, however, the country will not sustain that party merely because it may be no worse than the Democratic. It will be very apt to take the risk of change. The Republicans must show their true colors every where, and true men will every where rally to them. They must raise the cry of the deep and general feeling of the party and of the country—justice and honesty.

THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

IN the present temper of the public mind injurious charges against men in office, if vigorously urged, are readily believed; and as it is always easier to make charges than to refute them immediately, the accused person is at a serious disadvantage. This fact should be borne in mind by those who read the letters of Mr. WILLIAM WELSH alleging corruption against the Interior Department and its head, as well as in the case of Professor MARSH's charges, to which we have heretofore alluded. On the other hand, the Secretary of the Interior is a man of too long experience in political life and of too great sagacity not to know that it is precisely such detailed and distinct allegations, made by those whose motives appear to the public wholly without suspicion and patriotic, which break down Administrations unless they are clearly and conclusively answered. Professor MARSH distinctly declares that the Secretary of the Interior connives at frauds in the Indian Department. Having made so serious an accusation, involving the character of a high public officer, he must, of course, abide by it. He is a man of position and of unquestioned probity, who undoubtedly believes what he says. But that will not absolve him if his accusations should not be sustained. If he should be proved to be mistaken, he must bear the reproach of having most injuriously and causelessly assailed the character of one of the chief officers of the government, and consequently, besides the private wrong, of having imperiled the national welfare by falsely fostering a distrust which will tend to throw the government into the hands of inflationists. But if his charges should be sustained, the country will unquestionably reckon severely with an Administration of which an important member has been guilty of corruption and flagrant betrayal of his trust.

This reckoning will be all the more severe, should the frauds and the official connivance be established, because of the letter of Mr. WILLIAM WELSH to the President. He is also a well-known gentleman, the former chairman of General GRANT's Indian Commission, and he now writes plainly to the President: "Every suggestion I ever made to you was promptly responded to, save only the investigation of frauds allowed by your appointees......I could not with proper self-respect address you in any other way, as you have in every instance closed your mind to evidence that must have convinced any other man." This is exceedingly plain talk, and it is the conclusion of an open letter in which Mr. WELSH accuses the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Interior of a criminally libelous attack upon the confidential clerk of the original Board of Indian Commissioners because he exposed frauds which it was the duty of the Interior Department to check. Mr. WELSH invites the President to name a committee of his own friends to examine the papers in Mr. WELSH's possession. Of course if they did not establish his charge against the Interior Department, they would effectually dispose of Mr. WELSH, and create the strongest presumption of the integrity of the Department.

The President, however, seldom conforms to what he regards as hostile suggestions, or those which proceed from question of any act or officer of the Administration; and he would probably think it wiser to leave the whole subject untouched until the report of the investigating commission appears. Yet in the face of such distinct and detailed and damaging charges, made so widely that every body in the country knows them, and made by well-known men whose motives are unsuspected, we should expect the Secretary of the Interior to insist upon accepting every such challenge as that of Mr. WELSH. If Mr. WELSH and Professor MARSH are moved by unworthy motives, if there is a conspiracy to defame the Interior Department and its head, let the Secretary promptly and publicly expose the truth. General COWAN's reply to Mr. WELSH does not dispose of his assertion, supported by detailed evidence, that the Indian investigating commissions do not investigate, or can not investigate, or are not regarded by the Interior Department if they report unfavorably.

Meanwhile no just man will condemn the Secretary upon *ex parte* statements, however imposing they may appear, and however high the character of his accuser. He is certainly entitled to fair play, and he may surely claim to be held innocent of intentional offense until the proof is produced.

GENERAL BUTLER AS ST. PATRICK.

GENERAL BUTLER wears the green with a will. He spoke, as the French say, with effusion at the late O'CONNELL dinner in Boston. He did not go quite as far as to say that if he thought he had a drop of American blood in his veins he would open them and let it out, as BUCHANAN said of his old Federal blood—which VAN BUREN never forgot—but the general, in a fine burst, after denouncing the Puritans, exclaimed that he looked forward to the time when the Irish would rule in New England, and that New England would govern the United States. It has, in fact, governed the United States a good deal in various ways hitherto, and much both of the quality and method of that government has been thought due to its English stock and start. The Irish genius for good government has been less conspicuous hitherto. But under General BUTLER's guidance the most astonishing results may be expected. The general was careful to say that his language was not rhetoric, but was founded upon statistics, which showed that there were now more children born of Irish mothers in Massachusetts than of all others.

The general, however, is better, as usual, in rhetoric than in statistics. A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, whom we can hardly be mistaken in recognizing as Mr. F. B. SANBORN, an especial authority upon the subject, states the statistics with knowledge and without rhetoric. He quotes Mr. APOLLONIO upon the tenement-house population of Boston, which illustrates the facts of the Irish increase. It numbers more than 50,000, or a seventh of the whole population of the city, of which about 40,000 are Irish. Last year there were 3798 unmixed Irish children born in Boston, and only 2951 of parents born in the United States. This seems to establish General BUTLER's assertion. But statistics are a two-edged sword. It appears that only 2291 American-born persons died during the year, while 3661 Irish-born died. The surplus of the Irish births over deaths was therefore only 137, and among the American-born 660, or five times as many. Consequently by birth the Irish are losing ground. In the strictly Irish wards the deaths in 1874 were 500 more than all the American-born deaths, and about two-fifths of all the deaths in the city. Indeed, the figures show that there is no natural increase by birth of the Irish population in Boston, while of the foreign immigration of the last four years the Irish were only 40,000 out of 100,000. In the whole country the recent immigration from Germany, England, and Scotland alone has been nearly double that of Ireland. And as to the home supply, the present population of 5,400,000 in Ireland is not very fruitful of children; and the birth rate of Iowa and Michigan is probably fifty per cent. higher than that in Ireland.

It is clear that General Butler, who is understood to have reproached Mr. Wilson for his political blunder in joining the Presbyterian Church when the Methodists and Baptists were so much more numerous, will have to think twice before being received into the bosom of Rome. He must calculate more exactly before he ventures. With the lavish generosity of "Artemus Ward" toward his wife's relations during the war, the general declares that he is not only not afraid for himself of the beneficent Roman Church, but is ready to take all the chances for his children and his children's children. We shall soon hear the general advocating a suppression of the school system established by the odious Puritans, whom he so rates as hostile to the liberty of which Rome has been always so eminent a friend, in order to hasten the advent of the Irish America that he promises us.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

There is every prospect that the New York Republican Convention of this year will represent the best character and purpose of the party. The election is not in itself of very great importance, but it will be very significant as showing the political condition of the State. If the Democratic majority of last year should be maintained, it would be a very grave event, as forecasting the probable position of the State next year. But a reduced majority would have a local rather than a national meaning, and would not indicate political sympathies so much as a wish to continue in the same hands the war already begun upon the Canal Ring. The prominence which this movement has assumed, Governor Tilden's familiarity with the subject, and the public confidence in his earnest purpose will be of great service to the Democratic party. On the other hand, the hostility of the Canal Ring, which the preliminary report of the commission says is the only permanent political power in the State, may lead it to prefer the defeat of the Democratic party as a blow at the Governor's Presidential aspirations. Chief Justice Church, indeed, who, according to Mr. John Kelly, has been always a favorite of the Canal Ring, and to whom it has been of "great assistance politically," has stated to a reporter that there will be no division of the party; and ex-Governor Hoffman, who, according to the same authority, "usually made his appointments to office on the recommendation of the defunct Tammany Ring, at the solicitation of what is known as the Canal Ring," also anticipates no trouble. Such statements, however, are of no importance. The opposition, if it is intended, will not be open. There are plenty of noiseless and invisible methods. Governor Dix was not apparently opposed by any Republicans last year. But he went out by as large a majority as he came in by.

The presumption, however, under all the circumstances, is that the opposition will not be seriously divided, and the Republicans can recover the State only by such action as will show that no interest of reform can suffer in their hands. Every Republican knows that the patriotism and intelligence of the country and State prefer, and for great and solid reasons, the ascendency of his party. But there is and has been serious doubt in some minds whether the party is not hopelessly enthralled by unworthy counsels and by leaders whom the people will not follow. Mr. F. W. Bird, an old abolitionist and Republican in Massachusetts, and a friend of Mr. Sumner, is of that opinion, and he prays Heaven to help the wits of any man who does not take his view. But it is not shared, we may be very sure, by the Republicans who defeated Butler, nor by those who sympathized with them, nor by those who know that the calamity which menaces the country in the form of inflation and rag money will be precipitated by Democratic success.

Republican hesitation and timidity in New York will go far to insure defeat. Last year the Convention shrank from condemning the third term, because the third term was a snare of the enemy. Let it beware this year of regarding reform as another device of the enemy. The public heart in New York is as much set upon breaking the Canal Ring as it was upon breaking the Tweed Ring four years ago. And in the whole country the same feeling is paramount. Honest administration is the public desire. The words of the President to the Secretary of the Treasury are the real Republican sentiment of the country. "Let no guilty man escape if it can be avoided. Be specially diligent, or instruct those engaged in the prosecution of fraud to be, against all who insinuate that they have high influence to protect, or to protect them. No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty."

NEGLIGENCE AND CRIME.

The Lieutenant-Governor of New York is *ex officio* a member of the Canal Board, which is charged with the care of that property of the State. The vast frauds in the execution of canal contracts, which have been long as notorious as those of the Tammany Ring before the New York *Times* exposed the details and aroused the community to action, are now under investigation by a commission which is unsparing and tells the truth. The commission having stated that contracts had been let by the board when it had not seen the preliminary documents which the law requires, and without which the work can not be honest, Mr. Beach, the late Democratic Lieutenant-Governor, and chairman of the Democratic State Committee, immediately published a card asserting that the allegation was unjust and entirely without foundation, and accusing the commission of ignorance and misunderstanding of facts. The commission instantly summoned Mr. Beach as a witness, and confronted him with the testimony of the engineer and auditor. Mr. Beach had nothing to reply but that he had been too hasty, that he knew nothing of the facts that had been established, nor of the evidence before the commission, and that the report was undoubtedly correct and he was wrong.

Mr. Beach is not suspected of complicity with frauds nor of any knowledge of them. Something was shown to the board that "purported to be" something legally required, and with that Mr. Beach was satisfied. This is only to say that there was knavery on one side and negligence upon the other. It is a negligence which is too frequent and which facilitates crime. If a man accepts a position which involves certain duties, he can not avoid his share of responsibility for the consequences of negligence in the discharge of them. In the case of the Canal Board, Mr. Beach must have known, or his ignorance was unpardonable, that the law required certain maps, plans, and estimates to be approved by the board before contracts were awarded. It was his duty, knowing the bad repute of the whole contract system, to make sure that the law was complied with; and had he done his duty, it is impossible that he should not have detected the evasion of the law in the case of the Port Schuyler Denison contract. There is a point at which official negligence, without the least dishonest purpose, becomes criminal. The trustee or manager or director of an insane asylum, for instance, who is not careful to ascertain exactly how it is conducted, can not escape the guilt of the inhumanity that may be shown in the care of the patients, upon the plea either that he thought that all was right or that he meant nothing wrong. "My dear," said a wise teacher, "it is not enough not to mean to do it: you must mean not to do it." It was the duty of every member of the Canal Board, at a meeting when contracts were to be let, to know, so far as observation and evidence could assure him, that every requirement of law was satisfied.

The Governor has directed suits to be brought against the contractors. But the commission in their first report state that the false and fraudulent measurements by which the contractors swindled the State were only possible through the culpable negligence or connivance of the canal commissioners, engineers, and inspectors in charge. Has the Governor directed criminal suits to be brought against them also?

COMMENTATORS DIFFERING.

We thought, with the Chicago *Tribune*, that the Minnesota Republican Convention had spoken very distinctly. Its financial declaration was, "We favor that policy of finance which shall steadily keep in view a return to specie payment;" and its revenue plank was "a tariff strictly for revenue," so adjusted as to be most favorable to home industry. This seems very clear, and the Chicago *Tribune* says of the financial clause:

> "This part of its platform is a matter of general congratulation on many accounts. First, because it is right; secondly, because it indicates with certainty that there will be no division of any importance on this question in the National Republican Convention; thirdly, because it furnishes a complete answer to the slanders that have been circulated in the East to the effect that the sentiment of the West is favorable to shin-plasters and repudiation....The action is also highly creditable to the intelligence of the Republicans of the West, because it shows sufficient intellectual force to resist the deception of the fallacious reasoning and sophistical arguments put forth constantly by the currency-watering organs of repudiation, and at the same time illustrates the impotency of this class of newspapers to compass the injury to the Republican party which would ensue if their sophistry were entertained. The entire Minnesota platform is as sound, conservative, and intelligent as the portion which demands 'that policy of finance which shall steadily keep in view the return to specie payments.' The tariff resolution could not be well improved. First, a tariff is demanded that shall be '*strictly* for revenue,' and this is made even stronger by adding that 'it should be so adjusted as to be least burdensome and most favorable to the interests of home industry and labor.' Minnesota is an agricultural State. All its interests are opposed to the sophism of 'protection.' A protective tariff brings no higher prices for grain, swine, or cattle, which remain unprotected, but exacts from the people of that State a larger proportion of their labor and products to pay the increased cost of their railroad iron, their agricultural implements, their working tools, their clothes, boots and shoes, household utensils, and all the necessaries of life. When, therefore, they say that a tariff '*strictly* for revenue' should be so adjusted as to be 'least burdensome and most favorable to the interests of home industry and labor,' they mean that it should be chiefly imposed upon brandies, cigars, tea and coffee, sugars, spices, and other articles either not produced at all or produced to a limited extent in this country, whereby the duties which are paid shall go to the government, and not into the pockets of competing manufacturers in Pennsylvania and New England. This is precisely the relief which the home industry and labor of this country need, and it accords perfectly with the idea of a tariff *strictly* for revenue."

This certainly seems very simple and very sensible. But on the very same morning that the *Tribune* said it, the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago declared that the Minnesota Republicans had said exactly the reverse. The *Inter-Ocean's* version is this:

> "On the subject of the currency the platform is almost silent, merely declaring that 'We favor that policy of finance which shall steadily keep in view a return to specie payment.' In the absence of any demand for positive measures, it may be assumed at least that the Republicans of Minnesota do *not* favor the withdrawal of any portion of the existing volume of currency, whether of greenbacks or national bank notes. As there is no possibility of resumption under present circumstances without large contraction, it follows that the Republicans of Minnesota propose to let the currency question alone. On the subject of the tariff, the platform declares in favor of 'a tariff strictly for revenue,' but adds, 'yet so adjusted as to be least burdensome and most favorable to the interests of home industry and labor.' The experience of the government is to this effect, that the tariff as at present adjusted, which is largely protective, yields a very large revenue, and at the same time is 'most favorable to the interests of home industry and labor.' We conclude, therefore, that the Republicans of Minnesota approve the existing tariff system. In a word, they do not mean by 'a tariff strictly for revenue,' what free-traders mean by that phrase. The fact is that a tariff levied upon articles which we do not produce very soon ceases to yield any considerable revenue. In the inception of such a tariff foreign commodities flow rapidly into the country, our own manufacturers are driven to the wall, laborers are thrown out of employment, and the whole people soon find themselves unable either to produce or buy and consume. Then imports begin to decline in volume, and the revenue falls to the minimum. It follows that the only tariff for *revenue* is a protective tariff, a tariff which is 'most favorable to the interest of home industry and labor.' This is the language of the Minnesota Republicans. There is little comfort in the platform for the party of hard money and free trade."

We trust that the New York Convention will take warning—unless, indeed, it should envy the success of its Minnesota brethren.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John T. Raymond, whose personation of Colonel Mulberry Sellers is one of the most original creations of the modern stage, is a native of Buffalo, and his youthful idea as to artillery practice was primarily inculcated by a gentleman who, shortly after J. T. R. had got to be learned, became editorially connected with that organ of thought called the Buffalo *Daily Courier*.

—Mr. Gilmore (he of the Hippodrome) thinks that at the opening of the Centennial next year at Philadelphia the 100th Psalm should be sung by 100,000 voices on the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Gilmore thinks he could organize the vocal feat.

—Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, is a jocular man. The other day a peripatetic directory canvasser inserted his physiognomy into the Senator's office in Pittsfield, and asked, "What business is carried on here, Sir?" The Senator, looking up from his law-book, replied, "Writing recommendations for office," and resumed work.

—Hugh Miller's (the basket-maker's) son has just appeared as an author, and in form of the biographer of his father's life-long friend, Sir Roderick Murchison. "By a singular coincidence," says the Liverpool *Mercury*, "Dr. Robert Carruthers, the well-known *littérateur*, editor of the Inverness *Courier*, who was the first to introduce the father to the notice of the literary world, has been the first to introduce the son in the columns of his journal, the interval between being forty-seven years. Mr. Miller is at present engaged in the geological survey of England, and for his own and his father's sake many will watch his future career with interest."

—Mr. Bidwell, one of the candidates for Governor of California, owns a ranch at Chico, where he resides, which contains 22,000 acres, and comprises immense wheat fields, orchards, and vineyards.

—Mr. Plimsoll has bounded into fame by an exhibition of unparliamentary pluck in his defense of the common sailor. The same service has been quite as well, though unofficially, performed by Dr. Frank W. Riley in a recent paper on "American Commerce and Service." He says:

> "No prison—certainly none of modern days—is so wretched but life within its walls is preferable, on the score of physical comfort, to the quarters and the life of the sailor on the vast majority of merchant vessels. No jail dietary so meagre, no penal servitude so exacting, no exertion of authority so unrestrained and brutal, no such utter want of care and forethought for health and life of convict or felon, as are the rule and not the exception for the man before the mast, would be tolerated if comprehended by the community."

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff's bright books are always successful, both in a literary and a pecuniary point of view. His *Politics for Young Americans* has already run through the seventh thousand—nearly a thousand a month—and the eighth is on the presses. Another of his works, *The Communistic Societies of the United States*, has also had an immense sale, and has gone all over the world. The French *Revue des Deux Mondes* of recent date has a long and very favorable review of the book from the pen of a distinguished literary critic.

—The next Congress will have many new men; only four who have served in seven Congresses, or fourteen years. Of the fourteen-year men are S. S. Cox, W. S. Holman, W. D. Kelley, and N. P. Banks. Those who have served twelve years are Fernando Wood, S. J. Randall, J. A. Garfield, and J. G. Blaine. Cox, Kelley, and Holman served during the war. Cox entered one Congress before Holman and two Congresses before Kelley. Wood, Garfield, and Randall entered, in the last session of the war, the Thirty-eighth Congress, although Mr. Wood had been a member in 1841 of the Twenty-seventh Congress. Only one member antedates him—Mr. William Pitt Lynde, of Wisconsin, who entered Congress in 1840. General Banks entered in 1852. Mr. Kerr, of Indiana, entered the next Congress after the war, the Thirty-ninth, and served eight years.

—Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who after his defeat for the United States Senatorship obtained the position of State Treasurer at a salary of $2000 a year, has afforded a conspicuous example of integrity by devoting only a pittance of his salary to personal uses, and turning over the rest to his creditors.

—The privileged visitors of M. Thiers are received in the morning between eight and ten. The door is most carefully guarded against bores and intrusive people. A system of telegraphy is organized between the concierge's lodge, the secretary's cabinet, and the anteroom in which Louis, a confidential valet of eighteen years' standing, keeps ward. M. Thiers is much less accessible than when he was President. Then he was the servant of the public; now he is working for pleasure, for fame, and for the diffusion of what he deems to be sound ideas on philosophy and politics. He takes a keen interest, however, in events of national and European importance. He nurses his strength, so far as his vivacious humor will admit, in order that he may be of use to France should she again stand in need of him. Hence the rarity of his appearance at Versailles. In the evening, when he has had his after-dinner nap, he belongs to his friends. Madame Thiers is uneasy at the way in which he lavishes his mental gifts upon them. He sits on a snug little sofa at right angles to the wide mantel-piece, and defended from draughts by an ample screen. There he talks separately with political friends, embassadors, and some ladies in whose conversation he takes pleasure. Prince Orloff and Prince Hohenlohe are, I may almost say, his assiduous courtiers. They constantly pass the evening with him. M. Thiers rather dignified than derived dignity from his high office. In retiring from the Presidency he retained all his prestige. He is chary of his criticisms on the present depositaries of power; but he deems the work of monarchical restoration as much beyond their reach as the quadrature of the circle. Gambetta's policy meets with his approval.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Hon. D. M. Key, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, has been appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Andrew Johnson.

The melancholy fate of the Chicago balloonists is at last settled beyond doubt. The body of Mr. N. S. Grimwood, the journalist, has been found on the beach of Lake Michigan, near Stony Creek. Its identity was fully established. Another body, supposed to be Donaldson's, was seen in the lake by some fishermen at nearly the same time.

A bridge twenty feet high on the St. Louis, Kansas City, and Northern Railroad gave way recently while a train was passing over, and the result was a total wreck of the cars and the wounding of forty passengers, some of whom will die.

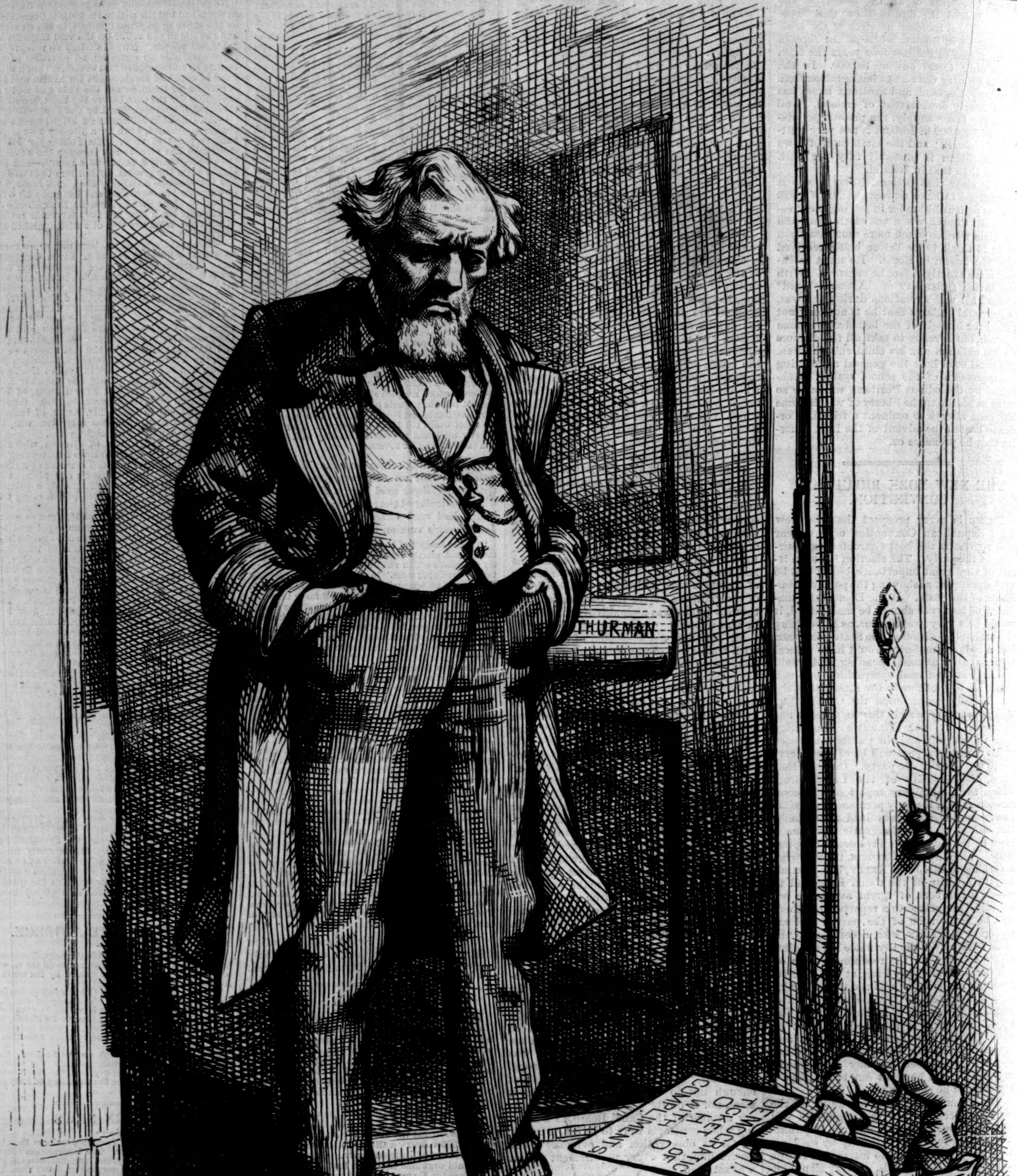
FOREIGN NEWS

The revolution in the Turkish provinces threatens to be a very serious one. The insurrection extends over 200 miles of territory, and large numbers are joining in the outbreak. A very recent letter from Dalmatia says that 16,000 men are ready to go into the fight, and that Sclavonians from all parts of the world are arriving with the intention of warring for their independence and religion. Several villages were burned by the insurgents during an engagement. The London *Times*, speaking of the situation, says: "While we think the success of the rebellion would be a calamity at the present time, because it might precipitate a disruption of the Ottoman Empire and plunge Europe into a mighty war, we can not blame the people for seeking to throw off an intolerable yoke."

The Spanish national forces are hotly pressing the Carlist insurgents, and the capture of Seo de Urgel is daily expected. The Carlist leader Dorregaray, being unable to resist the royalist armies in Catalonia, endeavored to enter Aragon, hoping to make his way thence to Navarre, but he was routed by the national forces and forced to fly to the mountains, near Tremp. A Spanish vessel which was shipping material of war at Barcelona, August 17, suddenly exploded and sunk. Fifty persons were killed by the explosion or drowned.

The Russian towns of Gluchov, Kizljar, and Zarizin have been nearly all destroyed by fire. Three hundred houses at Kiev met the same fate, August 19, and numerous other burnings are reported in Lithuania and elsewhere in Russia.

The French Republican Permanent Committee, August 19, presented an interpellation to M. Buffet, Minister of the Interior, concerning the Bonapartist demonstration newspaper articles and the prohibition of the sale of Gladstone's pamphlet against Vaticanism. M. Buffet defended the course of the government, and said vigorous measures had been directed against the Bonapartist newspapers. He said he had received no request to authorize the sale of Gladstone's book, but would not authorize the circulation of polemics against the Catholic faith. The work might be sold in the shops, but must not be hawked about the streets.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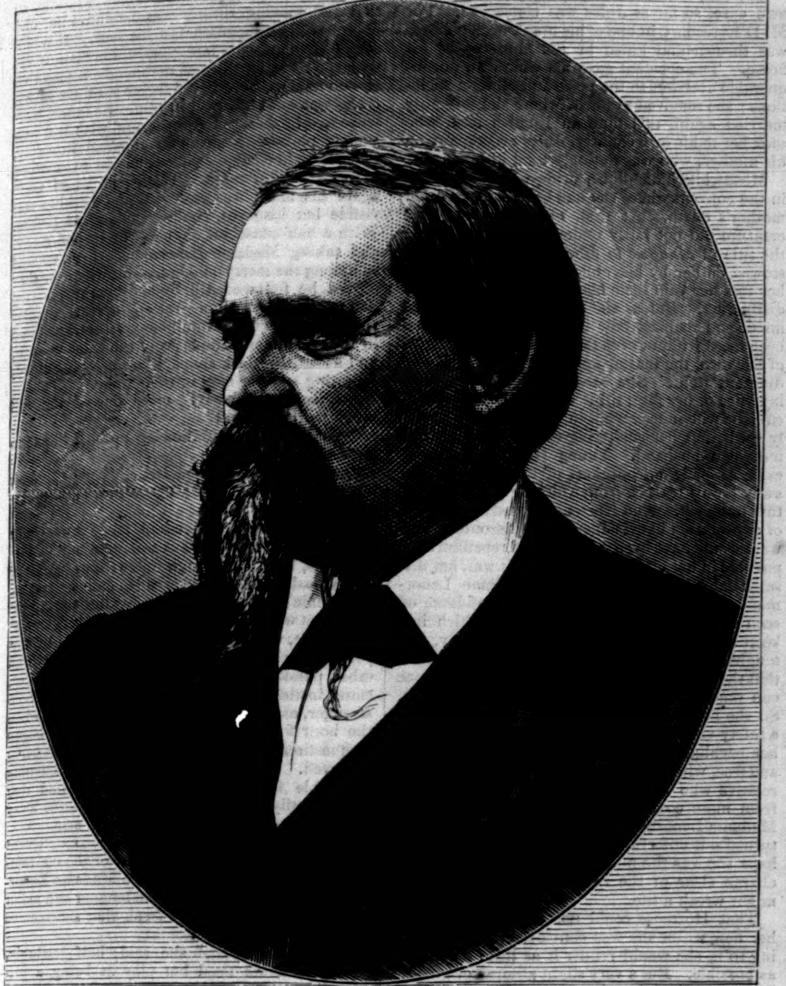
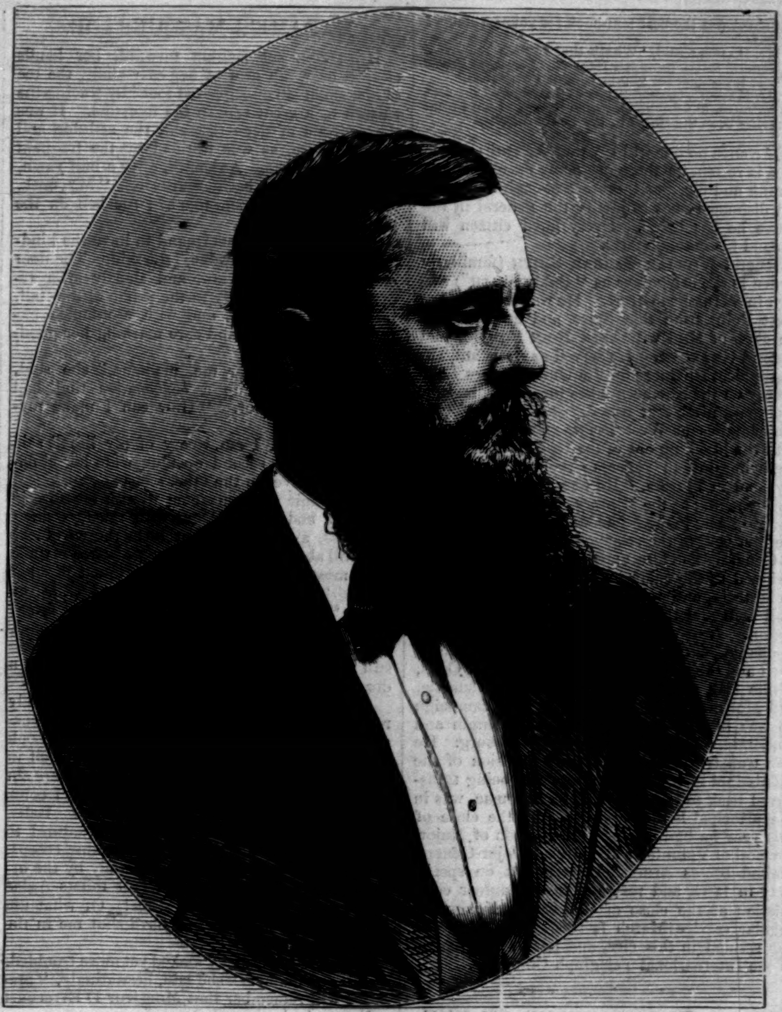
THAT IRREDEEMABLE RAG BABY.

THIS IS A NICE POSITION FOR A "HARD-MONEY" BACHELOR TO BE PLACED IN!



GENERAL WILLIAM FARRAR SMITH, POLICE COMMISSIONER.—[Photographed by Kurtz.]



HON. JOHN C. NEW.—Photographed by M. P. & A. I. Rice, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 718.]

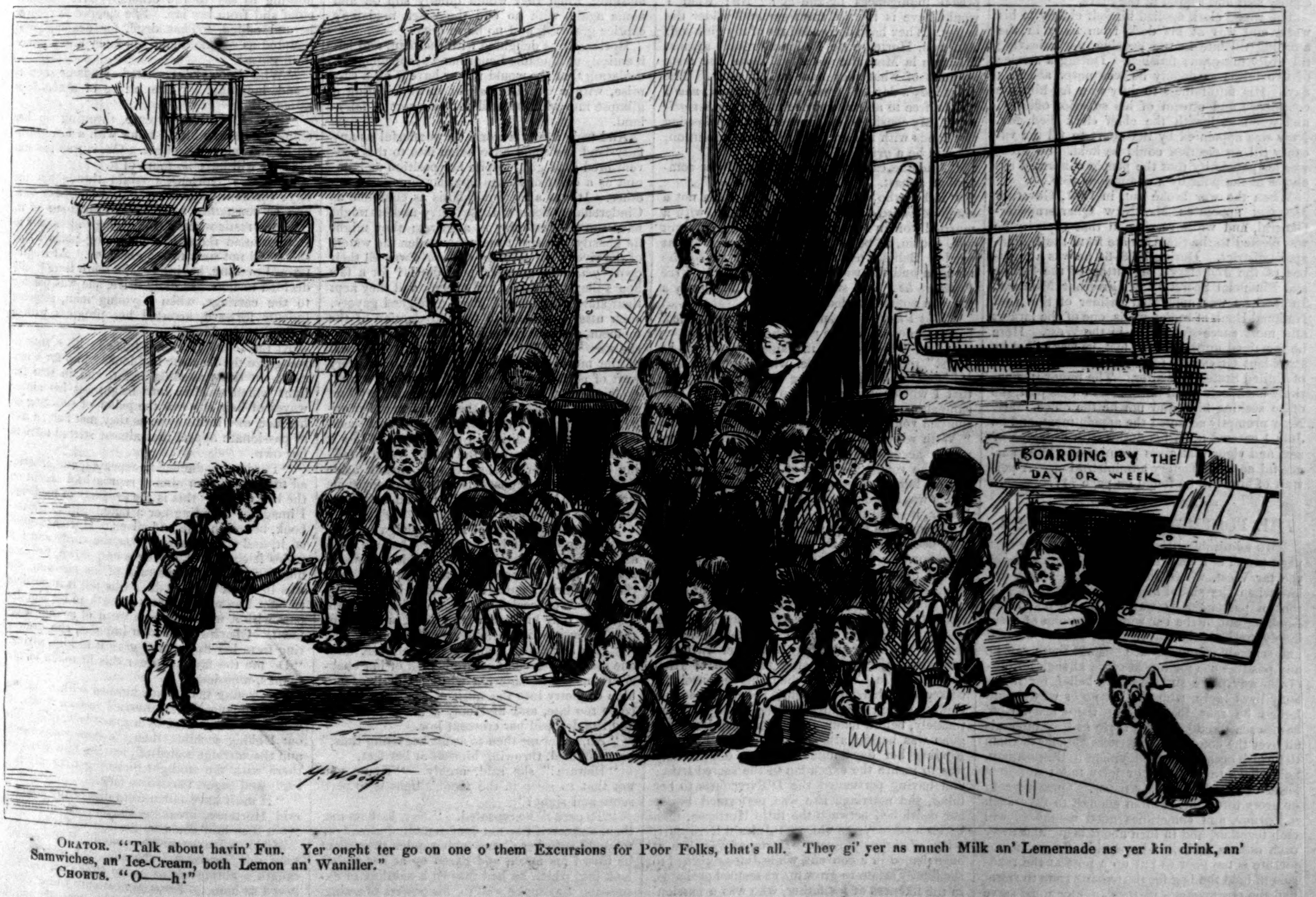
POLICE COMMISSIONER WILLIAM F. SMITH.

The brave soldier whose portrait accompanies this sketch has again distinguished himself in the face of the enemy. Although standing alone and unsupported in the Board of Police Commissioners of this city, of which he is a member, he has opened a vigorous warfare against corruption in the department, that threatens to revolutionize and reform the entire force from its leader down. The New York *Times*, referring to his action at a recent meeting of the board, puts it squarely when it says:

> "He has done just the thing that we find it so difficult to get done under almost any provocation: he has broken instantly and openly with men whom he believes to be corrupt. He has not been content with keeping his own hands clean. He has not merely retired in disgust and in silence. He has made an issue, publicly and personally, with men whom he believes to be false to their high trust. He not only means to be right himself, but he denounces wrong in others, not in a general way, not 'in the abstract,' but directly, particularly, and *ad hominem;* saying plainly and publicly to men who are his official equals that he has reason to believe them untrustworthy, faithless, corrupt, the fosterers of the very crimes and evils which they are sworn to restrain and destroy to the best of their ability: he looks them in the face and says that plainly."

General Smith, on the occasion referred to, boldly denounced the responsible heads of the Police Department for their inefficiency and corruption. To Superintendent Matsell, the chief administrative officer of the force, he said (as reported in the *Times*):

> "'And you, Sir, when you were appointed Superintendent, you were the editor of the *Police Gazette*, which was organized as a school for thieves.'
>
> "Mr. Matsell grew very pale, and said, 'I then ceased my connection with it.'
>
> "General Smith said, 'How can the force be improved, with such an edifying spectacle before them?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BOARDING BY THE DAY OR WEEK

Orator. "Talk about havin' Fun. Yer ought ter go on one o' them Excursions for Poor Folks, that's all. They gi' yer as much Milk an' Lemernade as yer kin drink, an' Samwiches, an' Ice-Cream, both Lemon an' Waniller."
Chorus. "O——h!"

That sheet was the best text-book for young villains I ever saw.'

"Mr. Matsell said, 'What's that you say?'

"General Smith promptly retorted, 'I say that it was the best text-book for young villains I ever read.'

"Mr. Matsell seemed perfectly bewildered for several minutes, but finally managed to say, 'I am proud of having been the editor of the *Police Gazette*.'"

Of course no one will say that the entire police force is rotten, for there are many excellent men in rank and file, but there are enough incapable and dishonest ones to justify the general in the course he has taken. Every good citizen will applaud his manly efforts.

General William Farrar Smith (familiarly known in the army days as "Baldy Smith") was born in Vermont in 1824. He was appointed to West Point from that State, and graduated in the class of 1845 with Fitz John Porter and General Granger. He served as Assistant Topographical Engineer on the United States Lake Survey on the Northern lakes for a year, and for two years after that was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point. From that time until the breaking out of the rebellion he was on surveying duty in Texas, on the Mexican boundary, and in Florida. He was also a part of the time teaching at the Military Academy. He was also Engineer in the Light-house service. During the first year of the rebellion he was on the staffs of Generals Butler and M'Dowell. He was assigned to the colonelcy of the Third Vermont Volunteers, and was engaged in the battle of Bull Run and the subsequent defense of Washington. He served in the Virginia Peninsular campaign, and was engaged in the siege of Yorktown and the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp, Savage Station, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. In the Maryland campaign he was in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and afterward in Fredericksburg. He was transferred to the Military Division of the Mississippi in 1863, and afterward, being transferred back to the Army of the Potomac, was in the principal battles of 1864. At the close of this year he had attained the position of Major-General of Volunteers and Brevet Major-General United States Army. He was put on special duty in 1864, and resigned his Volunteer commission at the close of the war, and from the regular service March 7, 1867. Since 1864 he has resided in this city, and has been president of the International Telegraph Company.

THE NEW TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Hon. John C. New, the successor of General Spinner as Treasurer of the United States, is a native of Vernon, Indiana, where he was born July 6, 1831. He was graduated at Bethany College, Virginia, when just twenty years of age, and choosing the law as his profession, he studied under ex-Governor Wallace and Judge Newcomb, and was soon admitted to the bar. Shortly after his admission he was appointed deputy clerk of Marion County, Indiana, which embraced the city of Indianapolis, the county seat and capital of the State.

The young clerk applied himself closely to his work, and was at his desk from early in the morning till late in the evening, never leaving till every thing was finished. During a service of two terms as deputy he was never absent a day. His faithfulness to duty won for him the confidence and esteem of his superior officers; and when at length the chief clerk died, Mr. New was appointed by the court to fill the vacancy till an election could be held. So great was his popularity that the people confirmed the choice at the polls by a unanimous vote.

When the war broke out, in 1861, Governor Morton appointed Mr. New Quartermaster-General, and while serving in that capacity he was elected to the State Senate from the Indianapolis district. During 1863–64 he was a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and Financial Secretary of Governor Morton. In 1865 he was appointed cashier of the First National Bank of Indianapolis, one of the largest and most successful banks in the West. Here he remained until, in April last, he was called by President Grant to take the responsible office of United States Treasurer. The honor was entirely unexpected and unsolicited on his part, the office seeking him, and not he the office. Mr. New promptly accepted the appointment, and on July 1 entered upon his duties with a degree of zeal and vigor that gives promise of a most successful and satisfactory administration. A portrait of him will be found on page 717.

THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

The admirable illustration given on our first page presents a familiar scene on the prairies in the far West, where the trains rarely stop unless when the signal flag is hung out to denote that a passenger is waiting to be taken up. Looking out of the car windows at one of these lonely stations, the traveler sees but few houses, and scarcely a human face. That there can be any possible use for a post-office at such an out-of-the-way place surpasses his belief, for if nobody lives there, who shall write or why should letters be sent there? But there are far-off homes scattered here and there at long intervals all over the country, and writers enough in them to furnish occasional employment to the postman. Some have to go thirty or forty miles to post a letter or get their weekly paper. Once a week, or every fortnight, is often enough to take such a journey, and sometimes good neighbors will club together, and in turn about bring and carry each other's mails. The station shown in our picture is too poor to put up a post at the roadside to hold the bag for the passing train to seize, and the postmaster's pretty daughter must serve instead.

MADAME'S MASQUERADE.

Hortense sat leaning forward, her hands clasped over the arm of her easy-chair, the toe of one small silken-slippered foot idly tracing the pattern of a great rose in the footstool. It was the attitude of deep thought, the attitude and nothing more, as was testified by the frequent weary little sighs. At length, after a half yawn, she flung herself back, muttering, "My faith, how tiresome!" as she touched the bell on the table at her elbow.

"Ask Madame Lenormand to have the kindness to come to me, Aglaé," she said. The door closed upon the servant, and shortly after reopened to admit a lady in the prime of life, tall, inclined to stoutness, and with a mingled expression of comfort and care marking her good-natured face.

"You wished for me, madame," she said, stooping to pick up a *bonbonnière* that had slipped to the floor. "How can I make myself useful?"

"My cousin, I am weary of my life!" said Hortense, for a second opening wide her childish, solemn eyes in the other's face.

This tragic announcement from a creature in the very bud of her May, with the first dewy freshness, ay, and petulant little thorns of the rose still about her, might have provoked a smile from most. But Madame Lenormand did not smile. The anxiety deepened in her look as she cried, "Heavens, madame, you have the fever! Your eyes are restless, your cheeks hectic, and, *mon Dieu!*"—with a glance into the *bonbonnière* still on her lap—"you have not eaten half a dozen of the *chocolats!*"

"It is that I die of nothing to do," gravely returned Hortense, with charming unconsciousness of this truly French anticlimax. "Look at me, cousin," she continued, raising herself in her chair and speaking more rapidly; "here am I, eighteen, gay, not too ugly—no? and I come from six years of the convent to—what? Balls, music, theatres, all the amusements natural to my youth? No! a solitude where time creeps, creeps so slow, I know the days only by the order of the dinners or the different toilets Aglaé chooses for me. Toilet! Bah! Of what use here? They might as well have shut me in the family tomb at once!"

Madame Lenormand looked yet more troubled. "But—madame—" she said, hesitatingly, "madame will remember that Monsieur D'Evrecourt will soon be here, and then—"

"And then," interrupted Hortense, quickly, "I am likely to wish myself indeed in the family tomb! Enough," she continued, in an altered voice, the angry sparkle dying out of her eyes; "I have no secrets from you, cousin. You know the unwilling prisoner I hold myself: can you not comprehend my desire for a brief play-time before my jailer comes?"

"Madame would go into society?" said her companion, doubtfully.

Hortense made a movement of impatience. "Ah, no; not that! Do you not see," she said, with scornful bitterness, "all *that* will be my prison indulgences by-and-by? No; what I would have is liberty, the freer and wilder the better. They have defrauded me of my girlhood. Ah, well, Hortense de Carignan rebels against Madame la Marquise; she will have one taste at least of what they have taken away. The great lady's day will come soon; but now, *now* I will be free to act my caprice as the veriest *grisette*. My cousin—" stopping short, and clasping her hands with the gravity of sudden resolution, "I will be a *grisette!*"

"Madame can not mean it," urged her companion, aghast. "Consider the scandal."

"Bah! who will know it? And I am not a simple *demoiselle*, but a married woman, with a married woman's privileges. Besides, have I not you, cousin, to be my guardian and warrant at need? Behold us, then, the good *bourgeoise* mamma and the wicked little daughter! *Vive la bagatelle!*" and she began humming gayly a bar of a popular melody.

"But I assure you, madame, it is impossible," began the other, with a perplexed face.

"And I assure you, madame, that it will be done!" retorted Hortense, with light decision. "Listen! now I am going to breakfast; after that I will be dressed and go for a drive. Our campaign must be settled before we return; so sharpen your wits, my good cousin."

With which she rose, while Madame Lenormand, accepting the dismissal, walked slowly from the room, the look of perplexity deepening on her face as she revolved the situation, which was certainly an embarrassing one. Given briefly, it stood thus:

Hortense de Carignan, from her very cradle, had been destined for the son of her father's neighbor, the Marquis d'Evrecourt. The projected union was partly of interest, partly of friendship, inasmuch as it would unite at once two adjacent estates and two families whose heads had already in early youth sworn to each other the romantic devotion of enthusiastic natures. In this project they had never wavered; and when, a few years after the birth of Hortense, M. De Carignan died, his inconsolable widow held herself solemnly bound to see his views for their daughter accomplished. Unfortunately, before many years, Madame De Carignan was herself attacked by a mortal illness. Finding her days numbered, her one anxiety was to insure the execution of the sacred trust; and having persuaded the D'Evrecourts to her mind, the marriage rite was performed beside her death-bed between the little Hortense, then barely twelve years old, and Jules d'Evrecourt, a boy of perhaps fifteen. Hortense was then at once placed in a convent, while Jules returned to the family estate to grow up, as seemed probable, in the likeness of his father, who was a passionate lover of country life and all its sports.

The evil, if evil it were, however, wrought its own cure, so far as Jules was concerned. For M. D'Evrecourt, in one of his break-neck gallops, was thrown and killed by the plunging of his horse. The accident gave his widow an unconquerable aversion to the place and all its associations; she removed to Paris, where she presently married again, this time an English lord, who took her to his own country, Jules accompanying his mother, who was dotingly fond of him.

Meanwhile his childish bride was growing up in the convent where she had been placed on her mother's death. At first, of course, the little creature did not fairly understand her position; the title of *Madame la Marquise*, laughingly bestowed on her by her childish playfellows, made her toss her vain little head as over some special distinction. But as she developed into womanhood, and realized how irrevocably her life had been fixed without even the semblance of a choice of her own, the matter appeared to her in a very different light. She brooded secretly over the injustice of her fate, till it was a very discontented little wife indeed who, in any thing but a wifely spirit, left her sheltering convent to meet this unknown husband. Young D'Evrecourt, however, serenely unconscious of all this, was still away on his travels, from which he would not return quite yet. And Hortense passed these weeks of expectation in ever-increasing discontent, and what would have been rebellion had rebellion been possible in her circumstances. As it was, her dissatisfaction found relief with Madame Lenormand, who was the best possible confidante of such dangerous sentiments. Life, which had been a pretty hard school to the good lady, had taught her that silent sympathy is the safest, and that there are times when the greatest service one can render others is to forget their own words. So she heard all and said little, making herself a safety-valve for this impulsive orphaned girl, by her peculiar position at once dangerously bound and free, with no other safeguard than the distant relative who had become friend and comforter from mere companion and "sheep-dog." For Madame Lenormand's *bourgeois* love-match had turned out unfortunately, on which account, perhaps, she was the more zealous to steer her young charge clear of the rashness and self-will that might wreck a life.

That Hortense could not be reasoned out of her new whim she was convinced; by conforming to it, she would render it as little dangerous as possible. But a very slight glimpse of grisette life would doubtless be needed to deprive it of its one charm of novelty in the eyes of the fastidious little lady, and wisely to choose that glimpse must be her own part, who was bound never to cease oversight of Madame la Marquise until she delivered her over to the guardianship of a husband. So careful deliberation decided her upon a scheme, which she proposed to Hortense during their drive. She had chanced to hear mention made of a masked ball shortly to be given in the Latin Quarter; she could manage to procure tickets without suspicion; the disguise would be effectual; and Hortense would probably have had quite enough before the hour came for unmasking, when they would quietly slip off and home again, with no one the wiser, madame's caprice gratified, and no harm done.

Hortense was delighted with the plan, and left it entirely to Madame Lenormand's management, declaring that she would rather have it all a surprise, with a childish delight in anticipating a glimpse into what seemed to her a sort of fairy-land.

And truly it was a world as wonderful as any fairy-land she could have fallen into to this convent-bred little girl, despite her position as ignorant as a child of things familiar enough to another. It was a metamorphosis as complete as Cinderella's. Some of these merry-makers might have starved yesterday in a garret; they might lie ghastly and stiff to-morrow under the waters of the river; but to-night the world was all their own: *grisettes, ouvriers*, poor devils! for a few hours they were kings and queens, and they kept their state generously. Such unfeigned gayety, such utter surrender to the intoxication of the moment, amazed Hortense, all inexperienced as she was. Her blood came and went to the beat of the music; she caught her breath at every waft of perfume; the clash of color and sound, evolving harmony from its own irregular rhythm, stirred a vague melody in the confusion of her untried senses; the formless whirling crowd seemed to catch her volition in its sweep, and toss it in and out like a leaf on the wind. With a feeling of losing her personality, she shrank aside from the revel, unconscious of a figure for some time near to her, moving as she moved, and pausing where she paused.

"Will not the Queen of Heaven deign to smile on the humblest of her adorers? I come from afar to worship," said a voice, suddenly, low in her ear; and turning with a start, she saw a man clad in pilgrim's garb, with staff in hand. The large cloak concealed his figure; the mask hid his face; only his eyes were visible, and, significant, intense, gazed steadfastly on the young girl.

"Gentle pilgrim," answered Hortense, after one startled glance to assure herself of her chaperon's nearness, entering with instinctive feminine coquetry into the spirit of the scene, "you come too late, and find only a waning moon;" and she drooped her crescent low.

"Ah, suffer me then to await her rising thus," he exclaimed, throwing himself at her feet.

"Beware!" she said, archly. "Know you not that to sleep in the moon's light is to peril sense and sight?"

"To peril?" he repeated. "Nay, look on me, then, and see if I be not deaf and blind already—to aught save her;" and with a quick movement he raised his mask, and gazed up at her with a look into which he had thrown a subtlety of expression that spoke well for his powers of acting.

During this dialogue they had been standing apart in the recess of a balconied window, so that the moving throng was behind him, and none but his companion saw his face. It was a singularly handsome face, youthful in feature, yet with the force and fire of manhood—a face that looked as if at whatsoever shrine it might kneel, it was not wont to kneel in vain. So much Hortense saw in the brief glimpse, and with it a passionate purpose, a strangely mingled intensity, that made her color change and her eyes droop even under her mask. When she lifted them again his mask was restored, and nothing was visible but his eyes, challenging her as before. With a half-conscious shyness she turned away, and taking Madame Lenormand's arm, walked in among the merry-makers. But wherever they moved he followed, till by-and-by the trio began to attract attention—the slight, transparently robed figure, with its luminous crescent, sheltered in the voluminous draperies of the elder woman, and a stealthy, dark shape, like a creeping cloud, following step for step in their wake.

"Behold a portent!" cried one—"the full moon with the new!"

"And the dark swallowing up both!" put in another.

"Have a care, Mademoiselle Moon; the dark is dangerous," mocked a figure in a bizarre butterfly robe.

Hortense's sable attendant made some light retort, which, random as it was, told surely nevertheless, for a loud laugh followed, as, with one angry flash of the black eyes beneath her mask, the human butterfly fluttered away into the crowd.

In this way he continued to keep every one at a distance, while Hortense, half fluttered by this persistent chase, half relieved to be freed from other pursuit of creatures so unfamiliar to her, came instinctively to turn for help to this bold stranger, as much of friend as enemy. But when the hour for unmasking approached, she began to question uneasily how to escape without being observed. Finally she succeeded in dispatching her sable follower on some pretext, and that done, hastily slipping into the crowd, stole away unmarked on Madame Lenormand's arm.

Doubtless it was the unaccustomed excitement that drove sleep from the pillow of the convent-bred girl. At all events, when Madame Lenormand the next day noticed the languor and pallor of her charge, it was this freak that she blamed for them.

"It is very well," she said, half jestingly, "that madame need but play at being a *grisette*."

"It is a stupid play," answered madame, "and one I shall play at no more. What are they all, then, these people?" she continued, after a moment's pause; "*grisettes, ouvriers*, eh, cousin?"

"And students, adventurers—who knows what, besides?"

"But never of our class—no, cousin?"

"Who knows? Madame herself was there," answered Madame Lenormand, with an arch glance at Hortense, who flushed, and rejoined, quickly,

"Bah! that was a madcap's freak; it has nothing to say to the others." Her handkerchief slid from her lap. She stooped to recover it, and added, "That droll, for example, who haunted us so [illegible] no doubt you fancy him a prince in disguise?"

"Who knows?" repeated Madame Lenormand, laughing. "The prince of school-boys at least."

"And I," said Hortense, throwing up her chin, "I believe him a tailor with a head turned by too much Béranger. Oh, it was too stupid! I will have no more of it."

This was Hortense's strain throughout the day; constantly recurring to that caprice of hers, and as constantly avowing her weariness of it. She was restless and fitful, giving orders only to countermand them, and proposing plans which she could not wait to see executed. At length, toward evening, having for the tenth time finally decided to take her daily drive, she was passing to the carriage, when a young man, stepping quickly forward, arrested her progress with a "Pardon, madame."

At the sound Hortense turned with a start to recognize the face she had looked into for a moment on the preceding night, and in that full light which touched into brightness his amber waves of hair she saw the pallor of suffering on his face, and in his eyes, as they met hers, a sort of passionate appeal that almost stirred tears in her own.

"Pardon, madame," he repeated, and, it seemed to her, with an almost reproachful accent on the last word; "this is the property of madame, I imagine," handing her a fanciful little pocket-book, bound in blue and silver. Hortense opened it, and stood turning over the cards and few trifles it contained, her eyes cast down, her face flushing. Wholly ignorant of his position, she was in doubt what to do. She felt it impossible to offer him money, yet was loath to let him depart with a mere common word of acknowledgment. Obeying a sudden impulse, she drew a ring from her finger, and gave it to him, saying, "Do me the favor to wear this in token of my thanks, monsieur."

The young man's face kindled with a sudden glow; he poured forth hurried broken words, to which she responded by a grave bow, still without looking at him; then the door was closed, and the carriage rolled off, leaving him standing there with the sunlight flickering over his fair locks and eager, handsome face.

"It must have fallen from one of my wraps," said Hortense, breaking the silence abruptly; "but then how could he guess it was mine?"

Madame Lenormand hesitated. "If the truth were told, madame," she said, "I imagine he caught a glimpse of us as we stole out, and followed us home. I was almost sure there was a carriage following ours all the way, though I would not mention it till now, not to annoy you."

Hortense sat flushing and paling. "Followed us?" she repeated. "But that is—"

"Arrant impertinence," completed Madame Lenormand. "Doubtless you were right, madame, and he is some romantic tailor, whom all his romance could not teach to be a gentleman."

Hortense glanced sharply up, but made no response. Madame Lenormand, judging her to be vexed with having overrewarded such a man, dropped the subject.

Had this act of presumption been the unknown masquerader's last! But only the next evening Hortense, stepping out on her balcony, saw a man move out of the shadow opposite, and recognized the voice that began singing one of the airs she had heard at the masked ball. She retreated instantly, but the figure still held its ground, and when cautiously peeping out, after extinguishing her light before going to rest, she could dimly discern it keeping its solitary vigil.

And this was but the beginning. Day after day she was pursued by a silent, distant apparition, till Madame Lenormand half-jestingly asked if they should call in the aid of a *sergent de ville* to exorcise it. Hortense only shook her head. She had chosen throughout to ignore the meaning of this pursuit, to be blind to the wistful eyes that sought hers. Secure in the social barriers that prevented his near approach, she could afford to be careless of a passion that could never trouble her pride.

But at length the climax came one day, when, as she sat alone reading, a servant entered with hesitation. "Pardon, madame," he said, deprecatingly, "but there is a peasant without who insists upon seeing Madame la Marquise. He claims to come from her estate with a message of importance; so I have ventured to disturb madame—"

"It is well, Étienne," replied Hortense, without lifting her eyes from the page. "Let him enter."

"Enter, then, friend Brazenface," grumbled the domestic, *sotto voce*, to a man at his elbow, and, closing the door again, retreated, muttering to himself about unmannerly peasants who would not know their proper place.

The man remained in silence by the door, till at Hortense's bidding he slowly advanced, uncovering his head meantime. Then Hortense started, for, with the removal of the heavy slouched hat and shock of wild black hair attached, she recognized beneath the peasant's garb the unknown masquerader of a fortnight before. She sprang to her feet, dropping her book; instinctively both bent to lift it, and their hands met. The touch seemed to act on her like an electric shock, breaking the silent amaze in which she had stood gazing.

"Monsieur," she half stammered, "what is this disguise? what is it you mean?"

"Ah! madame," he interposed, pleadingly, "to speak to you for one moment, to be near you—"

"To be near me!" she repeated. "Hold! it is for days that you pursue me; you follow me every where abroad, and now—are you then mad, monsieur?"

"Truly, madame, you say right," he answered, sadly. "Mad? was it not your own warning to me on that night? Since then I am like a child that cries for the moon; and she is so far above me, so far—"

"Listen, monsieur," said Hortense, in a firm voice, though with a face as pale as the agitated one she looked into, "this is madness, if you will, but it must end. I am married, and although my husband is not beside me, I know how to uphold the honor of his name and my own. The Marquise d'Evrecourt can not suffer this pursuit of her. Go; let it end here!"

The young man stood gazing at her in silence, but with a pleading pain in his eyes that could scarce have failed to move any woman's pity who saw it. But Hortense's eyes never left the floor; she sat with clasped hands and compressed lips, waiting in a kind of dumb obstinacy for him to depart. He seemed at length to comprehend this. "I go," he said; and with no other word moved slowly to the door. Five minutes later Madame Lenormand, entering the room, was frightened to find Hortense lying back in her chair, white, and shivering as if in an ague fit.

"Madame's apparition," as the elder lady was wont, laughingly, to style their fellow-masquerader, seemed effectually laid, at length. Two, four, five days passed, and still he made no sign. Madame Lenormand, knowing nothing of that last scene in the boudoir, wondered not a little over this sudden disappearance, and invented several ingenious theories to account for it. "Well, well," she finished, after discussing one of these, "at least I fancy he will trouble us no more."

"He will trouble us no more," echoed Hortense; and something in the tone made Madame Lenormand look up with a sudden solicitude. Surely the mobile face had grown strangely still and pale of late, she thought, and, reflecting on the girl's loneliness, half regretted even the little ripple of excitement that "madame's apparition" had made in her daily dullness.

It was the end of the same week, and the two ladies were sitting together, when a servant presented himself with a card, which he delivered to Madame Lenormand. No sooner had she glanced at it than she started up in a flurry, very foreign to her usual placidity.

"Heavens!" she cried; "he has returned."

Hortense had leaned forward, her hands tightly clasped on her lap. "*He?*" she repeated, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Ay, he himself, Monsieur le Marquis—"

"Ah!" Hortense gave a sharp cry, and fell back white as death among her cushions. Madame Lenormand went on, running her eye rapidly over some words penciled on the card. "He has arrived unexpectedly, and sends to me to prepare you. Madame, shall I give orders to admit him here?"

"Admit him," said Hortense, in the same low, unnatural voice; and Madame Lenormand glided from the room.

How many moments, how many ages passed, Hortense could not have told, before the door reopened; steps came toward her; she counted them one by one, till they paused close beside her. But a leaden weight seemed to press her eyelids down; she leaned back, faint and breathless, in her chair, till a voice said,

"Hortense!"

The blood rushed back with a leap almost of pain as she heard, her eyes were drawn up as by another will than hers to where, this time in the guise of the Marquis d'Evrecourt, the unknown masquerader stood before her, his eyes fixed on her, no longer with the half-defiant eagerness that had filled them when they first gazed into hers, nor the sorrowful reproach she had last seen in them, but a tender triumph softening their amber brilliancy.

"What, Hortense, not a word for me?" He stretched out his hand, and the ring she had given him caught the light, and flashed out suddenly. He drew the jewel from his finger, and placing it on hers, lifted the trembling hand to his lips. "That is our true marriage ring," he said. "You will not banish me again—my wife?"

By-and-by Madame Lenormand entered—discreetly.

"So, cousin," cried Hortense, turning to her with a tremulous laugh, "you, too, were a conspirator against me?"

"But, madame," said the good lady, eagerly, "I had no choice, indeed. The thought of your husband was growing daily a greater pain and dread to you, and when Monsieur le Marquis comes and confides in me, all eager to surprise you with his love, what am I to do but help him to conquer a prejudice I know founded on nothing? And then so opportunely comes madame's masquerade—"

"Enough, my good cousin," put in M. D'Evrecourt, with a laugh; "I think we must forgive madame her masquerade—for this once."

"And considering monsieur's share in it," said Hortense, with a saucy demureness that made him laugh again.

"Madame is served," announced Étienne, bowing on the threshold, in the midst of their mirth; and Hortense, on her husband's arm, passed out to a repast where the viands seemed all fairy meats, shared with the fairy prince.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 5.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 3.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 10.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, [illegible]—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

IN deciding the famous Wesleyan tombstone case Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, Dean of the Court of Arches, declared that "the church-yard is the freehold of the incumbent, subject to the right of the parishioner or stranger happening to die in the parish to simple interment, and no more." The incumbent has the right, according to the dean, to use the church-yard as a pasture, and to forbid the erection of any grave-stones if he should think that they interfered with the pasturage. He drew a line of distinction between the words "Wesleyan minister" and "reverend." The former he decided was legal, but the latter not, as applied to a Non-conformist. He therefore sustained the decision of the chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln. An appeal was taken to the Privy Council.

In the Wesleyan Conference at Sheffield the ex-president, the Rev. Dr. PUNSHON, said in relation to this case that "he would not quarrel with any person, whether he were bishop, priest, deacon, or judge, who thought he had a right to withhold from him the ordinary courtesies of life, but he would withstand any man to the face, because he was to be blamed, who told him that he was a schismatic, and who, moreover, told them that the great brotherhood and the great churches which God had given to this and other lands, called Wesleyan Methodist, did not hold a true ecclesiastical position."

The death of Dr. CHARLES G. FINNEY, the distinguished Presbyterian revivalist, in his eighty-third year, will leave a gap in the ranks of the ministry not easily filled. He was originally a lawyer, and carried the logical method of the legal profession into the pulpit. His power to move men by his eloquence was very great. In 1852 he became President of Oberlin College, Ohio, where he lived until his death. Dr. FINNEY was active with his pen, and was well known as a frequent contributor to the religious papers.

The Old Catholic Conference at Bonn closed August 17. It successfully accomplished its object—the agreement of the representatives of the Eastern and the Western Churches upon a formula satisfactory to both in relation to "the procession of the Holy Ghost." The point whether the Spirit proceeds from the Father or from the Father and the Son is one of the subtleties of theological science, but it sufficed ages ago to divide the Christian Church. At the close of the proceedings, Archbishop LYKURGUS, of the Greek Church, and Bishop SANDFORD (Anglican), of Gibraltar, thanked Dr. DÖLLINGER for the good results of the Conference. They "expressed the hope that the Churches would continue to draw nearer together, until there was a united universal Church." Bishop REINKENS closed the proceedings with a "Te Deum."

The following unique card appears in the *Watchman and Reflector*, of Boston:

"If I were a statesman, or lawyer, or doctor, age would be for my benefit, but as I am a minister of the Gospel, where age operates unfavorably, so much so that a man of fifty is rather too old to be a pastor, and if sixty, old enough to be shelved, therefore will all that have received the last catalogue of the Newton Theological Institution please make the following correction? born November 22, 1799, instead of 1792, lest all the pulpits should be closed to me on account of great age. H. FITZ."

The London *Tablet* denies the authenticity of the charge to the clergy said to have been delivered by the Bishop of Oporto,

President GRANT attended the Sunday-school Convention at Fair Point, Chautauqua Lake, on August 15. Two copies of the BAGSTER Bible, one printed in England, the other in the United States, were presented to him in behalf of the Convention by the Rev. Dr. J. H. VINCENT.

The counsel in the GUIBORD case have given notice that they will apply to court for a *mandamus* authorizing, under the order of the Queen's Privy Council, the interment of the remains of GUIBORD in the Catholic cemetery of Montreal, where during his lifetime he had purchased a lot. The body will be taken from the Protestant cemetery, where it has lain for several years, and if the rites of the Church at the grave are refused, a suit for damages will be instituted. In this contest both parties have shown the utmost tenacity in maintaining their positions.

JOHN WESLEY was one of the early settlers in Georgia, having sailed to that colony in company with its founder, General OGLETHORPE. Here he was pastor of the church in Savannah and missionary to the Indians. A memorial church, which will bear his name, is about to be erected in Savannah by the Methodists; the corner-stone was laid August 10. Large contributions toward its erection have been made by Methodists of the Northern Church.

Churchmen and Non-conformists united to do honor to the memory of RICHARD BAXTER, the author of the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, on the last Wednesday in July. His statue was on that day unveiled at Kidderminster by the wife of the Bishop of Worcester. Dean STANLEY and Dr. STOUGHTON made the addresses. The dean's address was, as is usual with him, rich in historical reminiscence, and very appropriate.

The Bishop of Ermeland is now added to the number of Prussian prelates who have signified their submission to the law for the parochial administration of church property. It is thought that this concession indicates the desire of the bishops to come to terms with the state. It is believed also that many of the priests are notifying the government of their submission, which they are permitted to do secretly.

The salaries of the bishops and cardinals for the current year were not voted by the French Assembly without some criticism. M. TRENOLET complained that the prelates, though receiving pay from the republic, neglected to pray for it; that the *Domine salvam fac Rempublicam* was not chanted in the churches, not even in that of Versailles, where the Assembly sat. M. WALLON, the Minister of Public Worship, defended the clergy, and said that the prayer named had not been chanted because it had not been asked for; he promised, however, that it would be asked for in three months' time. M. TRENOLET, not quite satisfied, rejoined that "the republic would thus be done out of three months' prayers."

M. VEUILLOT, the editor of the *Univers*, of Paris, whose audacity has in it a touch of the sublime, has recently published a list of his misfortunes. His paper has been fined, suspended, and once killed for the space of seven years. His last punishment was for denouncing a shop-keeper for selling on Sunday. Besides paying in this case a fine, he has been ordered to print the judgment of the court at the head of his columns.

The Bishop of Paderborn, who escaped from Wesel, is now at Venlo, in Holland, but will proceed to Rome. Report says that a cardinal's hat awaits him there. He has addressed a letter to his people, exhorting them to persevere in the course which he has marked for them.

The recent history of Bavaria shows clearly that this important part of the German Empire is coming steadily into more perfect sympathy with the policy of BISMARCK. The late elections are a case in point. Recently, also, it has been announced that the Bavarian ministry has been authorized to assent to any measures proposed in the Federal Council for extending the law concerning the Jesuits to the Franciscan, Capuchin, and Carmelite orders.

The General of the Franciscans is now in Prussia, and is engaged in settling up the affairs of the houses of the order, preparatory to the emigration of the monks.

Bishop JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, who was ordained in this city immediately upon the adjournment of the Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention, has promulgated the constitution of the "Orthodox Apostolic Church" of Hayti. The Church is styled "national," though, as far as appears, it has no connection with the state. The island is divided into provinces, and these are again subdivided into dioceses, with provision for an annual Convocation. The constitution is described as formed under "a covenant or ecclesiastical convention concluded with the Church in America."

The Rev. THOMAS GUARD, the eloquent Irish preacher, has reached San Francisco, where his sermons and lectures have attracted great attention. He will be appointed to the Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

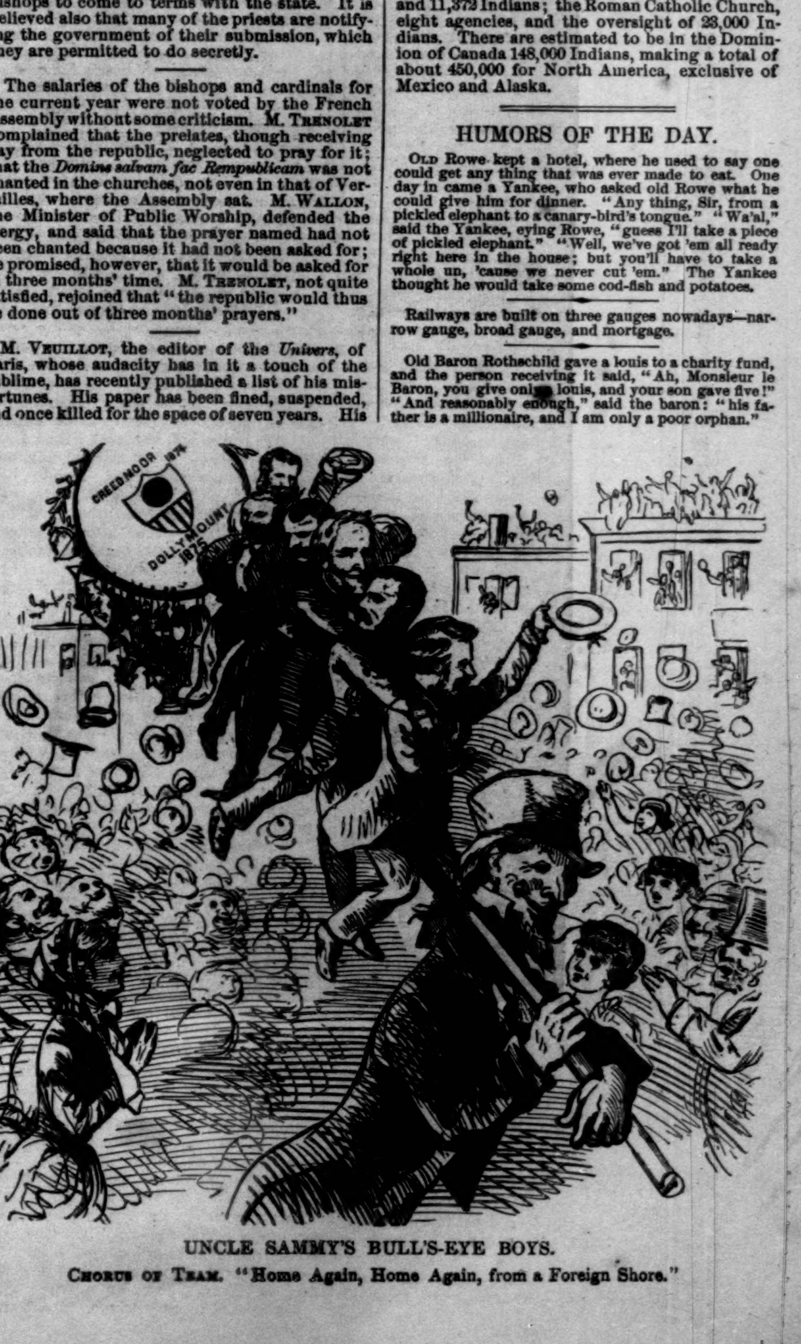
The number of Indians in the States and Territories of the Union (exclusive of Alaska) is estimated to be 295,000. Of these 229,396 are under the supervision of religious bodies. The American Missionary Association has seven agencies, with 18,341 Indians; the American Unitarian Association, two agencies, and 1700 Indians; the Baptist Home Mission Society, four agencies; the Christian Missionary Convention, two agencies, with 10,000 Indians; the Friends, fourteen agencies; the Indian Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, eight agencies, with 25,000 Indians; the Lutheran Church, one agency, with 138 Indians; Methodist Boards of Missions, fifteen agencies, with 49,864 Indians; Presbyterian Board, nine agencies, with 48,055 Indians; Reformed Church Mission Board, four agencies, and 11,372 Indians; the Roman Catholic Church, eight agencies, and the oversight of 23,000 Indians. There are estimated to be in the Dominion of Canada 148,000 Indians, making a total of about 450,000 for North America, exclusive of Mexico and Alaska.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OLD Rowe kept a hotel, where he used to say one could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Any thing, Sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary-bird's tongue." "Wa'al," said the Yankee, eying Rowe, "guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." "Well, we've got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole un, 'cause we never cut 'em." The Yankee thought he would take some cod-fish and potatoes.

Railways are built on three gauges nowadays—narrow gauge, broad gauge, and mortgage.

Old Baron Rothschild gave a louis to a charity fund, and the person receiving it said, "Ah, Monsieur le Baron, you give only a louis, and your son gave five!" "And reasonably enough," said the baron: "his father is a millionaire, and I am only a poor orphan."



UNCLE SAMMY'S BULL'S-EYE BOYS.

CHORUS OF TEAM. "Home Again, Home Again, from a Foreign Shore."

[redacted]

LIGHTING THE BEACON—"HA! HA! RESCUE!"—[See Page 722.]

COMFORT.

Why so sorrowful, darling—
  Why so sorrowful, pray?
You are looking out for the clouds, dear,
  And meeting the storm half-way.
Where is the use of fretting
  Over the worries of life?
Haven't you got your babies?
  And haven't you got your wife?

I am a sickly nuisance;
  The babies do nothing but squall;
And it gives you trouble to find, dear,
  Bread and butter for all.
But what would you do without us?
  Where would you like to roam,
If you hadn't the wife and babies
  To anchor you here at home?

Don't we divide your sorrows?
  Don't we double your joys?
What would you do with your money
  Without the girls and boys?
I know that they tear their dresses,
  And wear holes in their shoes;
I know we have had a panic,
  And business has got the blues.

It's horrid to be a merchant,
  And worse to be a clerk.
It was mean for the house to fail, dear,
  And throw you out of work.
But times have always been hard, dear,
  Since ever the world began;
And didn't you always growl, dear,
  Like every business man?

We've plenty to eat, my darling,
  And clothes enough to wear:
They'll last till you get to work, dear,
  And what more need we care?
Let us have done with sorrow,
  And drive sad thoughts away;
There's no such thing as to-morrow—
  When it comes it will be to-day.

Let me smooth out your forehead,
  And kiss away that frown;
You know you've the prettiest babies
  And the merriest wife in town.
Panics don't last forever;
  They end in a little while:
Pluck up your courage, darling,
  And take life with a smile.

LIGHTING THE BEACON.

The beacon light is as old as history. These alarm fires, used as signals to spread the intelligence of any great event, are alluded to by Homer and other writers of his time, and mention is made of them by the Hebrew prophet Jeremiah in his call to the children of Benjamin. "O ye children of Benjamin, gather yourselves to flee out of the midst of Jerusalem, and blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem: for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction." Notices of them are also found in the literary remains of ancient Persia and Palestine, as having been used to communicate the news of foreign invasion, or any occurrence of great importance. They were made by kindling a pile or bale of wood on the tops of lofty mountains, and keeping the flame bright by night, or having the fire so covered as to emit a dense smoke by day.

In the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about three hundred years before the Christian era, there was erected at Alexandria the celebrated Pharos or beacon tower, which ranked among the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. Sostratus, the architect, is recorded to have built this structure in a wonderful manner, of many stories of white stone, on a rock forming the promontory of the island of Pharos, and to have dedicated it to "the gods, the saviors, for the benefit of seamen." Pliny says this tower cost a sum equal to a million and a half of dollars. The different descriptions of this celebrated tower leave it a matter of uncertainty whether the beacon displayed the flickering and uncertain light of a common fire or whether a more perfect mode of illumination was employed. It is stated to have been four hundred feet in height, and to have sent its light a distance of forty miles, both of which are manifest exaggerations.

Contemporary with the erection of the Pharos was that of the Colossus of Rhodes, also supposed to have been the bearer of an important beacon fire. This gigantic statue of bronze, between whose legs vessels could sail into the harbor, which it spanned, was partly demolished by an earthquake fifty-six years after it was erected, and as late as the year 672 of the Christian era the metal of which it was composed was sold to a Jewish merchant of Edessa by the Saracens, who received for it a sum equivalent to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The traditionary history of Ireland makes mention of a beacon light erected at Corunna for the use of the Irish in their early intercourse with Spain. Other ancient lights are mentioned, but our knowledge of them is not accurate. Many of them appear to have been merely pots of fire erected on poles or placed on the summits of rocks.

An instance of the use of a line of beacons in very ancient times is given in a passage of the tragedy of *Agamemnon* by the Greek poet Æschylus. The commander-in-chief of the Greek army at the siege of Troy is represented as communicating the intelligence of the fall of the city to his queen, Clytemnestra, at Mycenæ, in the Peloponnesus. The line consisted of eight mountains, upon each of which a beacon was lighted as soon as the flame upon the last one was distinguished. In this way the news was conveyed in a single night from Troy to the anxiously expectant queen.

Beacon fires were also kindled as a sign of rejoicing, though they are more frequently signals of distress. In some cases there were various preconcerted modes of exhibiting the light, so as to indicate the nature of the intelligence. Thus an act of the Parliament of Scotland in 1445 directs that "one bale on fire shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales beside each other, that they are *coming indeed;* and four bales, that they are coming in great force."

In England the beacons were kept up by a rate levied on the counties, and had watches regularly stationed at them, and horsemen to spread the intelligence during the day, when the beacons could not be seen. They were carefully organized when the Spanish Armada was expected. In the beginning of 1856 an old beacon-work on Malvern Hill, in Worcester, which had done its part in former days in spreading the intelligence of the appearance of the Armada, of the approach of the young Chevalier, and of that of the Dutch fleet, afterward dealt with by Admiral Blake, was lighted up in anticipation of the close of the Crimean war, and afforded an interesting amusement to scientific persons in estimating the distance at which the blaze could be seen from remote mountains.

Our double-page illustration is a powerful picture of the lighting of one of these signals of alarm. The artist has given us no indication of the time when the event occurred which he portrays with such dramatic force, or the name of the hero who applies the torch to the beacon at the sacrifice of his own life, for the arrow that pierces his scanty armor so easily will undoubtedly accomplish its intended work of destruction. We can only appeal to our imagination to supply the details of the story suggested by this single scene. The small coat of mail over the shirt of buffalo hide was the uniform always worn by the archers of the Middle Ages, when the bow and arrow were the most deadly weapon known in warfare. The rude construction of the beacon, with its rough shaft of wood supporting the iron curve, from which depends a rude basket to hold the torch, places the scene far back in the earliest times. We can imagine the small city, probably German or Saxon, its walls surrounded by the enemy, whose blazing torches, thrown over into its streets, have lighted the flames that we see reflected against the darkness of the sky. One heroic man has dared to mount the exposed beacon tower, and, at the cost of his life, light the torch that shall bring succor to the beleaguered town. The artist pictures him as overjoyed by the success of his undertaking. He cries out, "Ha! ha! Rescue!" even while the fatal arrow pierces his side.

JESUITS IN POLITICS.

Nothing would seem more ridiculous than the policy of the Jesuits if it had not often proved so dangerous. To attempt to rule nations by modern visions and miracles, to govern France and convulse Belgium with stigmata and water from a holy spring, to terrify mankind by the mandates of a pretended vicar of God, to impel the Pope to condemn all that the intelligent world holds valuable, to excite fierce massacres in Mexico and profess Democracy in New York, to bring into politics the servile manners and abject obedience of the convent or the cathedral, and drive Roman Catholics in solid, unbroken masses to the polls by threats of excommunication, are but a small part of the madness or the folly of this audacious association. One might suppose that the intelligence of the nineteenth century would laugh at the superstitions of the intriguing priests. But it does not; it is rather forced to fear them. Ultramontanism is suddenly sprung up into a vast political body. It rules by the grossest superstitions in every papal country, and penetrates the councils of nations and the homes of the people. "The Jesuits," we are told in a letter from Rome to the London *Hour*, "rule over the Pope." It is Bekx, the chief of the Jesuits, who governs the policy of the Papal Church, and Pius IX. has for more than twenty years been the humble instrument of the daring society. Step by step it has moulded the Roman Curia to its will. It has filled the Papal Church with its own bishops and cardinals, we are told, and Manning and M'Closkey are slaves of the Jesuits. It shot down Roman patriots at Mentana with French Chassepots, it filled the prisons of Rome and Bologna with the noblest of the Italians. It is a society merciless, revengeful, and terrible, a political organization which is incessantly busy in Paris, Cincinnati, or New York. Even England, we are assured by the correspondent of the *Hour*, may well beware of its intrigues, and prepare to defend civilization against its subtlest foe; and if the pilgrimages, miracles, stigmata, visions, incantations, anathemas, and fetichism of the ultramontanes may excite alarm in Protestant England, where their numbers are comparatively small, here, where they rule in our great cities, and form the governing section of one of our political parties, we must watch their progress with a natural alarm.

Never, we believe, have the ultramontanes ventured before to enter into a political campaign in any part of the Union with such open and daring resolution as they have recently shown in Ohio.. There the disguise is wholly thrown off. The "Church" has pledged itself to support the Democratic candidates and the Democratic leaders, and papal priests openly avow that alliance which in the other States they have sedulously concealed. How under this secret league they have plundered, corrupted, and subdued us in New York by twenty years of tyranny, no one can any longer fail to see; for whatever may be our future fate, whether to watch calmly while the "Church" and the Democracy pilfer fresh millions from the treasury, or to strike our plunderers to the earth, we have at last discovered and ventured to say that "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote" has been the sole support of the public thieves of New York. However Tilden or O'Conor may assert the innocence of the "Church" and the purity of their party, their alliance and its fruits are known to every one. Every one feels that the Irish Catholic vote is the plague that is wasting our fine natural resources and hastening our financial ruin, however much Tilden, O'Conor, or their allies may labor to hide it. But in Ohio the league is open and public. No Democratic leader seems ashamed to admit that the ultramontanes are his warmest supporters, and, in fact, the only hope of his party. If the Democracy succeed, it will be an ultramontane victory; if they fail, it will crush priestcraft in Ohio, perhaps forever. For it is impossible that the "Church" should indicate its commands more plainly than it has done, or more rudely assume to control the politics of a powerful State.

Four leading Roman Catholic papers in Ohio—the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, the Cleveland *Catholic Universe*, the Toledo *Catholic Review*, and the Columbus *Catholic Columbian*—have instructed the ultramontanes in their duty. Says the Toledo *Catholic Review:* "Every Catholic should vote for the Democratic ticket. Those who do not do it will be false to themselves and false to their own interests. The only political favors which Catholics have ever had in this country have been received at the hands of the Democratic party." Said the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, when the Geghan law had passed, in the ardor of its gratitude: "The unbroken, solid vote of the Catholic citizens of this State will be given to the Democracy at the fall election." The *Review* and the *Universe* have been equally resolute. All the bitterness, the violence, the fraud and hypocrisy, of the extreme ultramontanes have been concentrated in the Democratic party. As they have recently triumphed in Bavaria, Belgium, and France, so the Jesuits now look for perfect success in Ohio. And as if hypocrisy were the necessary garb of either fanaticism, we have Governor Allen advocating a new issue of paper currency, and Bishop Purcell supporting a platform that professes to encourage popular education. Both are plainly insincere. The Jesuits still abhor the common schools, their most dangerous foe, and Governor Allen knows that valueless paper money is the ruin of industry and trade; and if the ultramontanes are successful in Ohio, as they have recently been in Belgium, Bavaria, France, and Spain, the common-school system will have received a dangerous wound, knowledge a plain overthrow, and the prosperity of the State may perish forever.

The contest between ultramontanism and American principles in New York will be even a more important one at the next and many future elections than that of Ohio. We have discovered who it is that has robbed us for twenty years, and shall make a bold effort to shake off the thief. The alliance between the ultramontanes and the Democratic leaders has never been so openly avowed here as in Ohio. Our Roman Catholic priests have never ventured to direct their people openly, like those of Cincinnati or Toledo, to vote on the Democratic side. There was no necessity for any such avowal. Here in the city of New York three-fourths of the Democratic party are violent ultramontanes, and a few dishonored or misguided Americans and renegade Germans make up the remainder; at the last election Tammany Hall could only control 70,000 voters against an opposition of perhaps 63,000. And it is certain that of its supporters not far from 60,000 were Irish Catholics, the bitterest enemies of religious and civil liberty, of education, good order, and progress. Said Mr. O'Conor, one of their leaders, recently, "There should be no public schools:" he might have added, from his earlier speeches, that "slavery is the natural lot of inferior races." This is one of the shrewdest of the ultramontanes, and it is against this class of men that New York has vainly struggled for twenty years. Blind to the common dictates of honor or morality, they have destroyed the city to benefit their Church. Our city is, in fact, in the condition of a constant siege and an imminent sack. No Goth nor Hun could have plundered it more effectually than that ultramontane horde which has heretofore controlled its elections. Within six years its debt has been doubled to pay for ultramontane robbery. While all other communities are laboring to diminish their liabilities, while the national government, the Pennsylvania State government, and the Republican leaders every where are introducing economy and honesty into our finances, while Governor Dix had provided for the extinction of our State debt, or Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, has nearly relieved that State from its burdens, our ultramontane leaders in New York insist upon adding yearly to our city debt, and would feed their hordes of official thieves by the ruin of the community. The debt of the city of New York is already $120,000,000—more than one-tenth of its assessed value. Our ultramontanes are laboring to increase it at the rate of four or five millions a year. Bankruptcy must plainly follow if they are not checked. All Ireland is enriched from the spoils of New York. The "Church," as ever, flourishes while the community decays.

Once more the ultramontanes will rush to the polls in the fall elections. A wild and savage throng, they furnish three-fourths of our paupers and an equal number of our criminals. By the latest report of the police officials of the number of persons arrested during the last three months, 9000 were "born in Ireland," and only as many in New York. Over this dangerous host of 70,000 voters Tammany Hall, the centre of ultramontane intrigue, rules with no gentle sway. It has recently recruited its strength, and cut off its less docile members. Governor Hendricks and Senator Kernan have joined it; Morrissey is banished. But no apparent change can alter the real nature of this Catholic club, which maintained Tweed in his despotism, and which is now ruled by the worst foes of education and of freedom. Yet the Democracy is plainly resolved in the fall elections to throw in its fortunes with the New York Roman Catholics; and Tammany Hall, the centre of ultramontane intrigue, will also be the rallying point of the Democratic faction. Bayard, Hendricks, Kernan, and Tilden will preside over the savage multitude of New York ultramontanes. They will become the associates of convicted thieves, the allies of Croker and Kelly, the guests of cardinal and vicars, the obedient vassals of the Jesuits.

But they will be known throughout the country by their associates. If the Democratic leaders tie themselves to the dying frame of Romanism, they must perish with it. If Tilden consents to ally himself with thieves and murderers in New York, he will vainly lay claim to the laurels of a reformer in Buffalo. If Bayard and Hendricks join a Catholic club whose officials are chosen representatives of fifty or sixty thousand uncultivated Irish Catholics, and among whose members scarcely a single honest American or German can be found, they must look for a proportionate loss of reputation. Yet our fall election will not be without instruction. The Democracy in New York has dwindled to a throng of Irish. At their head are a few venerable politicians. The most active leaders of the Democracy are persons who once were rebels, and who have never repented of their offense. The strange and motley crew, nearly all Roman Catholics, will make their final attempt to control and plunder New York. The Jesuits move the sordid phalanx, and their master at Rome eagerly awaits their success. How easy would it be for the honest, the Protestant, and the liberal citizens of New York to overturn the whole foreign tyranny by one bold effort!

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In his account of the very perfect arrangements at Pittsburg for the regulation of the city time, Professor Langley states that the amount of time wasted by the discrepancies of clocks and watches, and which is indirectly felt by every individual, is in the aggregate very considerable, making it a public convenience to have a simple and universally accessible means of obtaining standard time throughout the community. The arrangements devised by him for doing this are in some degree peculiar to Pittsburg, which is as yet in advance of all other American cities in this respect. The astronomers at the observatory of Alleghany City having accurate time for conducting their observations, it was only necessary to secure some means by which this time could be reliably and widely distributed. Electricity was called in to do this, a current being automatically sent from the observatory clock to the large tower clock in the City Hall at every beat of the seconds pendulum, and by an electro-magnetic arrangement in the turret that clock is caused to beat in perfect unison with the standard at the observatory; it also automatically sends notice back to the observatory if it is in error to any extent. At the exact second of noon a special current is sent, which raises a detent, and allows a hammer to strike the large bell at the proper instant. The public appreciation of the convenience and utility of the system is daily shown by the attention given to the stroke at noon. During nearly two years there has not been any interruption from the failure of the electro-magnetism.

The death of Lady Franklin took place on the 15th of July, at the age of eighty-three. Her maiden name was Jane Griffin, and she was married to Sir John Franklin on the 5th of November, 1828; and from that time she was continually associated with him in his geographical and other pursuits up to the date of his departure on his last journey, in 1845.

Her efforts to secure, first, relief, and then information of the fate of her husband on this voyage, are known to the world, to which objects she devoted all her time and her fortune. It was at her expense that the *Fox*, under the command of Sir Leopold M'Clintock, spent the period of 1857–59 in arctic research, with the result of discovering many records and relics of the expedition. She also helped to equip the *Pandora*, which recently followed the British Admiralty expedition to Greenland seas.

Lady Franklin shared with Mrs. Somerville the distinction of having the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society conferred upon her—the only two instances in which this medal has been bestowed upon women. Lady Franklin was also well known as an industrious traveler, having in the later years of her life visited nearly every quarter of the globe.

Dr. Carl Möbius, an eminent German zoologist, of Kiel, has been engaged for some time in the exploration of the Mauritius and of the waters adjacent; and according to a letter received by Captain Nicholas Pike, of New York, from Edward Newton, Dr. Möbius has lately discovered a marine worm 300 yards in length!

Professor Charles V. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, has issued his seventh annual report upon the noxious, beneficial, and other insects of the State, and which, like its predecessors, is a mine of valuable information in regard to the economy of the insect tribe. The species to which he devotes special attention, in view of their present importance, are the Colorado potato beetle, the chinch-bug, the flat-headed apple-tree borer, canker-worms, the grape phylloxera, and the Rocky Mountain locust; and he gives a full account, with numerous illustrations, of the various species and what is known of their natural history, with suggestions as to methods of preventing their ravages.

A very interesting feature of this report is a map of Missouri, illustrating the locust invasion of 1874, in which the general direction of the march of these insects and the limitations of their spread are indicated. This is preceded by a map of the whole continent, showing the country east of the Rocky Mountains subject to the ravages of the same insect. In view of the fears that have been expressed in regard to the gradual extension of this destructive pest over the eastern part of North America, Professor Riley endeavors to show, by many considerations, that it can never attain a foot-hold east of the seventeenth degree of west longitude from Washington. This opinion is based upon the fact that no movement has been recorded heretofore east of the line referred to, the soil, the temperature, the altitude, and all the physical conditions being adverse to this result.

In connection with the period of unusual cold experienced during the past winter throughout both America and Europe it is important to note that Mr. Meldrum writes from the Mauritius that the winter at that place from December, 1874, to March, 1875, has been the driest on record for thirty years. Only two hurricanes have occurred, neither of them extensive nor violent, and confirming the rule that when Mauritius suffers from drought, the Indian Ocean is free from hurricanes. From some cause or other, the belt of calms and variables between the southeast trade and the northwest monsoon has not advanced so far to the south as it did in the years 1871 to 1874. A remarkable magnetic storm was experienced on the 27th of February between 1 and 7 P.M.

Reports have recently been published of the results of the British expedition to Siam in the spring of 1875 for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun. It may be remembered by some of our readers that an invitation was extended by the King of Siam to the English government to send an expedition for the purpose referred to, promising every assistance in his power, and that a writer extended a word of caution against too readily accepting this invitation, with the suggestion of a want of sincerity on the part of the king, and the probable failure of the expedition if it depended on his assistance. It seems, however, that he was mistaken, and that every possible aid was rendered by this potentate.

According to Mr. Lott, one of the members of the party, every body, from the king downward, showed the greatest desire to make the visit pleasant and to aid the expedition in every way, and during their prolonged stay in the kingdom they received nothing but the greatest hospitality and kindness. Difficulties were surmounted at great expense and trouble, and every thing asked for was obtained with the least possible delay. Drinking water was brought nearly 100 miles by water to the camp, many tons of ice were brought from Singapore, and other necessary supplies cheerfully furnished.

The camp and observatory were situated some fifty miles from the city of Bangkok, on the west of the Gulf of Siam, in the central line of the totality; and what was formerly a waste of jungle was converted into a magnificent camp, and all the necessary houses fitted up for the reception of the expedition.

The eclipse itself differed from former ones in respect to the greater brightness of the corona and the smallness and fewness of the red flames. As far as could be made out, the time, as calculated by the Nautical Almanac, was some ten seconds wrong. There was no opportunity for conducting spectroscopic observations, but the other observations, it is understood, were quite satisfactory. The precise results have not yet been communicated.

The reprint by Croll, in his *Climate and Time*, of all his works on the subject of the glacial epoch, merits more than a passing allusion, as he has brought together in convenient form much that helps to elucidate that great meteorological, geological, and physical enigma.

According to the Cincinnati *Quarterly Journal of Science*, a scientific association has been organized at Richmond, Indiana, with James F. Hibbard president, and L. B. Case corresponding secretary. Their publications will be under the name of "Transactions of the Scientific Association of Richmond, Indiana," the first having appeared in a pamphlet containing the constitution, by-laws, list of members, etc.

A writer upon marine aquaria remarks that the experience of Mr. Bawins, who has possessed a marine aquarium for ten years, has been that he has not renewed the sea-water contained in it during that period. All that he has done is to add fresh-water as the salt-water evaporates, the same degree of saltness being invariably maintained. Various species of small sea-weeds and several mollusks thrive without further care, but some species of Actinia raised in the same medium were starved to death in the absence of the owner, who had made a practice of feeding them with worms and even raw meat.

According to the *Academy*, a society has been formed for the systematic exploration of the North Sea, under the name of the "Belgian Society of Dredging and Marine Exploration." The materials as collected are to be submitted to various scientific men who have made the different departments their special study, and are afterward to go to form a central collection, accessible to all the members. Duplicate specimens not required for this purpose are to be sold each year at one of the meetings of the society.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, of Owens College, Manchester, left England in June, by way of the Suez Canal, for the purpose of prosecuting a geological exploration of Australia. After this is completed he will return by way of San Francisco, reaching New England in October. It is to be hoped that he will find time to stop in the United States, and visit its more important scientific establishments, where he will be heartily welcomed.

The investigation of the atmosphere by means of observations in balloons has, during the past few years, been prosecuted with marked activity by the French aeronauts, who have organized the French Society for Aerial Navigation. This society, having clearly seen that ascensions, to be of value, must either aim at attaining great heights or at remaining a long time in the atmosphere at moderate heights, undertook during the present year one voyage of each description, the first of which was that of the 23d of March, the object being to secure a long duration. The ascent was made from the gas-works at Villette, near Paris, at 6.20 in the evening; the descent was made on the following day at five o'clock, the entire voyage having lasted twenty-two hours and forty minutes. Among the apparatus taken with them, besides those pieces that are the invariable accompaniments of such expeditions, there was a Davy's lamp for illumination at night, two beautiful spectroscopes, and an instrument by the aid of which it was easy to determine the velocity of the wind, that is to say, the velocity of the horizontal movement of the balloon. Tissandier also experimented with the aspirator to determine the quantity of carbonic acid gas. Sivel introduced, apparently for the first time in French aeronautics, the guide-rope with which American readers are familiar, from its usefulness in the expert hands of Mr. S. A. King, of Boston. The rope used by Sivel was, however, some 4000 feet long, and it was intended that it should generally touch the earth and glide along over the soil, thus acting as a rudder to the vessel, giving a certain fixed direction to the car of the balloon, and preventing its gyration. Sounding balloons, as they were called, were also devised by Sivel. One of them was filled with illuminating gas, the other with air, and these two balloons, fixed at the end of a horizontal rod, floated one above and one below the car, and always indicated the relative upper and lower winds. During the night the altitude of the balloon oscillated between 700 and 1100 meters, the temperature being between $-1°$ and $-4\frac{1}{2}°$ C. Cirri were always above the balloon, increasing during the night, and giving rise to a magnificent halo in the morning on the rising of the sun. The moon was also surrounded by a similar halo. A moderate southwest wind had been predicted from the consideration of the weather charts, and was actually experienced, replacing the northeast wind with which they started. The balloon followed the prominences of the soil very exactly, being pushed up over the hills by the ascending current whenever it came to any elevation. This fact was especially manifest in that portion of the voyage during which the altitude was but 600 meters. The balloon itself was frequently inclined out of the vertical. Very appreciable variations in the velocity of the wind were experienced, amounting to between five meters per second during the night and ten meters at sunrise, and diminishing in the upper regions, contrary to the usual experience. Slight traces of electricity were observed at sunrise, but not during the night.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Summer board" in the country is, to say the least, an uncertain experiment. We do not mean to intimate that good accommodations, conscientious landlords, trustworthy boarding-house keepers, and wholesome food can not be obtained by city absentees. Every body knows that all these things are attainable. But direful experience has taught many, and is teaching others every day of the present season, that the greatest circumspection is necessary in choosing an abiding-place for the summer. Hundreds who desire to escape the city's heat themselves, or to locate their families where the little ones may have invigorating air, pure milk, and nourishing food, are bitterly disappointed every year. Advertisements of "country board" are not all humbugs, but it is wise not to trust any such advertisement without some additional guarantee of its honesty. "Fine farm-house" is liable to look less attractive in reality than on paper; "fresh fruits and vegetables" turn out to be potatoes and cabbages and a scanty and infrequent spoonful of berries; "pure milk" is judiciously skimmed before it appears on the table—for does not our thrifty farmer send butter and cheese to market? the "airy rooms" have a close smell of feathers and straw, for hair mattresses have not penetrated that rural district; "no mosquitoes" seems a gratuitous falsehood, but you are informed that it is an "unusual season," and the tortured little ones toss restlessly on their hot beds at night, and fret all day. At larger and irresponsible boarding-houses you may fare no better. Unscrupulous landlords, knowing that, when once established for the summer, a family dislike to move, become inattentive, and even deliberately grasping and mean. Almost every season we know of persons who have been wretchedly deceived in regard to their rural quarters. One family of our acquaintance took rooms last June at a certain New Jersey boarding-house, paying a handsome price for board. There seemed to be a deficiency of every thing—attendance, bedding, towels, food, milk—only there *was* fresh air out-doors; and so, obtaining such luxuries as pure milk and Graham bread from outside sources, they remained, for the sake of the little children, amidst many discomforts. But when the children sickened, and the water was found to be infected, they fled back to more wholesome quarters in the city. We have since learned that thirty other boarders left that unwholesome house. Such experiences are not rare, and they should be made public for the benefit of the community.

The saddest feature of the recent "strike" at Fall River is that a large proportion of the operatives have had the suspension of work forced upon them. They are cut off from work simply because others do not choose to work. It is not the mill-owners who have specially suffered by the strike; it is the families of those who have neither money, work, nor credit. Few of the operatives had funds enough laid by to support their families during a month's idleness, and many appeals for help have been made.

Some idea may be formed of the space occupied by different countries at the Paris Geographical Exposition by the number of articles exhibited by each. France had 1565, without reckoning the 514 at the National Library; Austria and Hungary, 510; Russia, 483; Holland, 335; Sweden and Norway, 329; Switzerland, 226; Germany, 173; Argentine Republic, 159; England, 134; Denmark, 110; Belgium, 94; Italy, 89; Spain, 62; Turkey, 48; Chili, 26; Japan, 13; and Hawaii, 8. The American and Portuguese collections did not arrive in time to appear in the catalogue.

Floods every where. France seems to have started them, and the contagion has spread. England, Hungary, India, and other foreign countries have been deluged. Then our own West; and more recently violent and destructive rains in Eastern sections have inundated valleys, destroyed dams and bridges, flooded cellars, and done great damage to property of various kinds. Sad havoc was made by a recent storm in the Orange Valley, New Jersey, and about the same time a reservoir dam on the west bank of Mill River, Massachusetts, was swept away by the flooding stream, causing great consternation in the villages below. The remembrance of past disasters in Mill River Valley caused a panic, and many families fled from their houses for safety. Happily the waters soon subsided without loss of life.

A celebration in commemoration of the birth of Michael Angelo will be held at Florence on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of September, although the birthday of the great artist was in March. Other nations will take part in this celebration, and private individuals will contribute memorials.

"Old Perhaps" is the disrespectful name given by some newspaper to our venerated Weather Bureau. How can the most experienced weather officer predict such remarkable changes as August brought?

Maine people are resolved to "show fight" in the case of all "tramps." These vagabonds infest the State, and commit depredations and crimes of various kinds; but the people are supplying themselves with fire-arms, and will not hesitate to use them. An Augusta newspaper says that local authorities are beginning to take decided measures in reference to tramps.

Adulterated or impure milk at this season of the year is death to the little ones who are dependent upon milk for food. There is no question but that a good deal of milk is sold which is utterly unfit for use. Health officers need to be vigilant in this matter if the children are to be saved. The milk supplied to a family in Brooklyn was tested not long since, and found to contain several species of animalcules, and a large quantity of potato starch.

It is positively stated that Russia does not decline to participate in our International Exhibition because of any lack of cordiality between her government and that of the United States. Russia is a country that develops less rapidly than many others, and one reason assigned for declining was that it would be too severe a test for her to enter into competition with other countries so soon after the close of the Vienna Exposition. When, also, Russia understood that the Centennial was not a national affair in the sense that our government was responsible for it, she at once decided that it was impossible for her to accept such an invitation from private persons or a private corporation. The autocracy of Russia could not easily understand how such an affair could originate with private parties and become of national importance.

Chloride of lime in a tightly corked bottle is a useful article to be kept in the house. Besides being an efficient disinfectant, it is said to be excellent to use in case of wounds inflicted by dogs or rabid animals until the physician arrives. Mix two table-spoonfuls with half a pint of fresh-water, and bathe the wound constantly.

From Central Asia reports come of a revolution that has broken out in Khokand. The scene of this revolt, called Khokand or Karkan, is a part of Independent Toorkistan, governed by a ruler called the Khan. The country is elevated, being in the lofty region west of the great plateau of East Asia. The Khan has an army of about 10,000 men. But the late news is that the Khan has fled, and his forces joined the insurgents.

However attractive a summer resort may be, we can not see why people desire to rush thither when the announcement is made that "the sailing and fishing facilities are unrivaled, the hotels are crowded, and guests sleep in the barber shops, in the dining-rooms, and in the parlors."

Nebraska sends an encouraging report of disappearing grasshoppers and heavy incoming crops.

A recent writer states that funerals in New York are expensive luxuries, and details various facts showing that in nothing are the laws of fashion more rigorously enforced than in the burial of the dead. In a recapitulation of statements made, the following schedule of "the cost of a first-class funeral on the American plan" was given:

1 Rose-wood coffin, lined with velvet	$300 00
1 Coffin plate (name and all the virtues engraved gratis)	12 00
8 Full extension silver-plated handles	30 00
1 Coffin box to protect coffin	8 00
1 Ice-box (second-hand)	15 00
1 Shroud	25 00
1 Hearse	10 00
10 Coaches to Greenwood	70 00
8 Pairs of gloves to pall-bearers	20 00
8 Scarfs for pall-bearers, and one for the door	10 00
1 Undertaker's fee for personal attendance	25 00
4 Porters to carry out the coffin	6 00
1 Sexton at the church	15 00
1 Organist and choir	40 00
Flowers	100 00
1 Lot in Greenwood	600 00
1 Grave-digger	5 00
1 Monument, home manufacture, of Quincy granite	900 00
Total	$2,191 00

The expenses of mourning for the immediate family and near relatives are not included in the above estimate.

The Emperor of Morocco will probably be induced to visit England before long.

The school for nurses in the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island was recently opened, and thirty applicants for instruction received.

The London *Queen* gives an interesting account of a recent exhibition of "wicker coffins" in the gardens of Stafford House, by permission of the Duke of Sutherland. "Wicker coffins," as opposed to "cremation," have been advocated in a delicate manner by Mr. Seymour Haden on sanitary grounds, and a large company assembled to see the display. About a dozen coffins were laid out on the terrace at the back of the house and fronting the garden. Most of them were on the ground; two were mounted on simple structures showing how they could be carried or wheeled along. The coffins were of the ordinary shape, but of different sizes, and varying in structure, some being quite plain, others decorated, and one, which was the centre of attraction, had a layer of charcoal in the bottom of the basket and between the inner and outer basket-work of the coffin. Some were painted—one brown, another bright blue, while a third was gay in white and gold. One was lined with green moss, packed tightly between the interstices of the basket-work, and forming a complete covering. Two—one for a grown-up person and one for a child—were really exquisitely pretty. In each case the whole of the top was covered with ivy leaves, whose stalks were inserted between the interstices of the basket-work, and whose blades formed a kind of imbricated covering, hiding all that was underneath. Branches of cypress were put round the sides. On the top of one coffin were a cross and wreath of half-opened white roses, and on the other a cross and wreath of small white carnations, veiled by maiden-hair fern. These two presented just such a tasteful arrangement as may be seen placed by loving hands on the resting-place of some dear one departed. The exhibition seemed to awaken much interest; yet mankind is slow to adopt new ideas, and it will probably be some time before "wicker coffins" are universally adopted.

The Geographical Congress has awarded medals of the first class to the Statistical Bureau at Washington, and to Professor Hayden, the American geologist.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has been seeing the sights of Paris, and Paris has been seeing him. He was followed by crowds in the streets, who shouted lustily, "Long live the Sultan!" At Paris the Sultan drank coffee for the first time, and liked it so much that he gave an order for large quantities to be sent to Zanzibar.

An Englishwoman was recently tried for murder on the charge of having caused the death of her twin children by feeding them with "corn flour" after being warned by the physician that it would not sustain life. The woman was acquitted, but the occurrence has called forth much comment. An English physician says that it can not be too widely known that "corn flour," as it is called, is pure starch, prepared by washing out of maize flour the nutritious portions with alkalies. When the flour presents an extremely white appearance, all the nutrition has been sacrificed, and children fed on such substances are simply starved. When "corn flour" is cooked with milk, that will supply some of the nutriment that is lacking; but those who have the care of children should understand the nature of the flour itself.

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

By KATHARINE KING,

Author of "Our Detachment," "The Queen of the Regiment," etc.

CHAPTER X.

AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS.

I remember well the lovely morning late in June when I opened my heart before her who so entirely possessed it; not, as I had intended, with deliberate purpose, armed and prepared at all points with prayers and entreaties against the denials I dreaded, but in broken, disjointed, vague words, that yet made themselves better felt and understood than those I had so often thought over would probably have done. She was to leave the next day but one, yet I had not spoken, and though intending to speak, could not summon up courage to do so. But accident brought about at last the opportunity for which I waited, and the words that could not be controlled broke from my heart before I knew they were uttered.

She was out somewhere about the place that morning quite alone; the girls and my mother were all in different parts of the house, and I wandered out to seek her in whose presence my heart delighted. It was a glorious morning. I remember yet the brilliant summer sunlight making golden gleams on the shaded grass under the old lime-trees, the sweet scent of hay that floated by upon the breeze, the lazy hum of flies that fell upon the ear as they floated in ceaseless swarms through the scented lime blossoms; every thing seemed in a state of blissful repose, such as the lotos-eaters enjoyed on that dreamy shore where it was "always afternoon." She was not in the garden; I looked in vain in every nook for a glimpse of the white dress I knew so well; I would have called, but I dared not utter aloud that dear name; I searched and waited. I turned at last down toward our little river, that ran flashing and glancing in sunlight and shade through many a mile of the old domain. It was deep, too, though but a small river, and the current in parts dangerously strong; just below the garden it narrowed in between high rocky banks that rose perpendicularly to the height of about thirty feet above the water. The whole stream just there was, at the narrowest part, about fourteen feet across; but the water looked black and dark, and the rocky walls on either side fearfully sharp and jagged.

As I sauntered down to the river just there I hardly expected to see Maud at that spot, but I thought it very probable I should find her farther on, under some old chestnut-trees that spread their dark foliage far out over the water. I knew the smooth rocks under their drooping branches were her favorite seat. I found her sooner than I had expected. As I approached the stream, which, though it here ran deep and dark, made only the faintest bubbling noise, the sound of voices struck on my ear, and, gaining the bank, I perceived her on the other side of the river in conversation with a lady, whose back was turned toward me, but whose figure seemed somehow strangely familiar to my eyes.

She was talking rapidly, in a wild, impassioned manner, Maud listening, with a half-frightened, half-pitying look in her sweet face, and now and then, I could see, trying to soothe and comfort her excited visitor. They neither of them saw me, and for a minute or two I watched them unobserved; then the unknown, suddenly turning, revealed to my astonished eyes the beautiful features of Mrs. Cameron, now distorted by jealousy and pain, while her fine eyes seemed to gleam with an unnatural light. Though watching them, I could not overhear their conversation; nor did I care to do so, for, although surprised at seeing Mrs. Cameron, I thought she could tell Maud nothing she did not already know, or that would render my interference necessary. What passed between them Maud related to me afterward; and as I think it will tend to make my narrative clearer, I relate it at the time it occurred, as if I had myself been present. Maud had gone out alone that morning, as I said, and was wending her way toward her favorite seat, which was on that side of the river farthest from the house, and, be it remembered, on the opposite bank to that on which I stood watching them. She had crossed a little rustic bridge a few hundred yards from where she now stood, and had arrived at the Robber's Leap, as the narrow part of the river I have described was called—from some old family tradition, I believe—when a lady, very handsomely attired, though her dress bore evident marks of wear and travel on it, stepped out from among the trees, and advancing toward her, said,

"Am I right in supposing I am addressing Miss Meares?"

"I am Miss Meares, certainly," replied Maud, rather taken by surprise. "But you have the advantage over me, as I can not remember ever having met you before."

"Neither have you," answered the stranger. "I come from a far land, lady, to beg you to do me a favor, and to save yourself from a life of shame and trouble."

Maud tossed her head with her old proud impatient grace.

"I do not understand you," she said. "Trouble we must all have in this life—God sends it for our good, if we look at it rightly, if not, for our punishment—but only sin brings shame; and, through God's grace helping me, the stain of disgrace shall never rest on my name through any act of mine."

"O lady, beautiful, cold, proud English lady," cried this strange visitor, and Maud fancied her voice and accent had a foreign unfamiliar sound, "have you ever loved? Do you know what it is to have one man enthroned in your heart—his love the sole earthly good you covet, his smile dearer to you than the summer sunlight, the lingering tones of his voice pleasanter to your ear than the most enchanting music? Do you know what it is to dream of him by night and watch for his step by day—to feel, the morning his presence is not with you, blacker and lonelier than the gloom of the wild monsoon? Have you loved like this, lady, and then felt that another eye, brighter perhaps than yours, a smile more sparkling and mirthful, was drawing the heart you loved, the one treasure you craved for, from you? Do you know what it is to suffer thus?"

"Poor thing," Maud answered, tenderly, "it is indeed a fearful fate that you describe. The man who could treat you thus is not worthy of you. Give your love only to the noble and true, and it will never be thrown back as a worthless gift into your bosom. A true heart knows always the value of a true love, and even when it can not return it, it sees the worth of the prize and is grateful. If you, poor soul, have been deceived by the tinsel glitter of a mock affection, your fate is indeed sad; but what can I do to help you? For empty pity is worthless, and you must have desired something from me if you came so far to see me."

"But you love him," the woman cried, angrily, "and he is not noble and true, as you fancy. It is he who has loved me who now desires to marry you; he is deceiving you, for I am his wife—his lawful wife, do you hear? He destroyed my certificate, or I would show it to you. O lady, dear lady, for your sake, for mine, have nothing to say to him!"

Maud guessed now who her visitor was, and to whom she alluded, and saw that the poor creature was almost, if not quite, crazed, and she answered, gently,

"I know you are his wife, if you refer to Captain Cameron; and I promise you solemnly on my word as a lady to have nothing more to do with him. But will you not tell me how you came here? I thought you were in India."

"I could not rest in India," she replied. "I knew that he intended coming to England early in the year to marry you—he told me—so I thought I would seek you out, and if you were kind and wise and good, as they say English girls are, I would tell you my story, and get you to take pity on me. I sold all I had to sell, and raised money in different ways, till I got enough to pay for my passage over. He had got tired of coming to see me—he said I bored him—so I had heard nothing from or of him for a long time, and left without his knowledge. And now I have gained my point; you have heard my story and pitied me; but what am I the better for it? He will never love me again, and it would be better I was sleeping quietly beneath that dark water. And so I will!" Here she made a step forward; then she paused suddenly. "If I do, your promise will not hold, and he will marry you. No, you must go too; then we shall rest together, and I shall be happy. Come, lady, come! It looks dark and cold; but none can disturb us there; and our sleep will be sweet."

She seized Maud's hand as she spoke, and drew her toward the edge. For one instant her natural impulse was to struggle, and she tried to wrest herself away; but the dangerous fire began to glitter in the maniac's eyes, and she felt that her strength was no match for the frenzied force of the madwoman.

"Wait a minute," she said, calmly, while every pulse beat wildly. "I can not go into the water with my boots on; I dislike the feeling of wet leather so much. You must allow me to sit down and unlace them first; and I should advise you to do the same, that then we may go alike."

She had not seen me on the other side as she made this excuse to gain time; it was only with the faint hope the maniac might accede to her request, and help might arrive before she had finished, that she suggested it.

The madwoman happily appeared to approve the proposal; for she sat down also and prepared to remove her boots.

In the mean time I, on the opposite side, had been alarmed by the strangeness of their actions, and had at last partly guessed the woman's intention. Their last act puzzled me; still there was no time to be lost. The bridge was some way off; was it possible to leap the river? In that part it was but fourteen feet or so. At its narrowest a good leaper could do it easily, and in my young days I had been accounted one of the best; besides, tradition told me it had been done before. At any rate the case was one of life or death; I must try. The place at which the leap was most practicable was about a hundred yards from where the two ladies were. Mrs. Cameron had already risen to her feet, and was holding out her hand to Maud, who lingered over the unlacing of her dainty Balmorals. I took this in at a glance as I went back a few yards for a run. As I came down to the leap Mrs. Cameron perceived me, and cried, wildly,

"He shall not save you! Come! You shall not live to be happy with Edward when I am gone!" Seizing Maud—who, seeing me, remained seated, and clung with the strength of despair to the herbage around—she dragged her toward the edge.

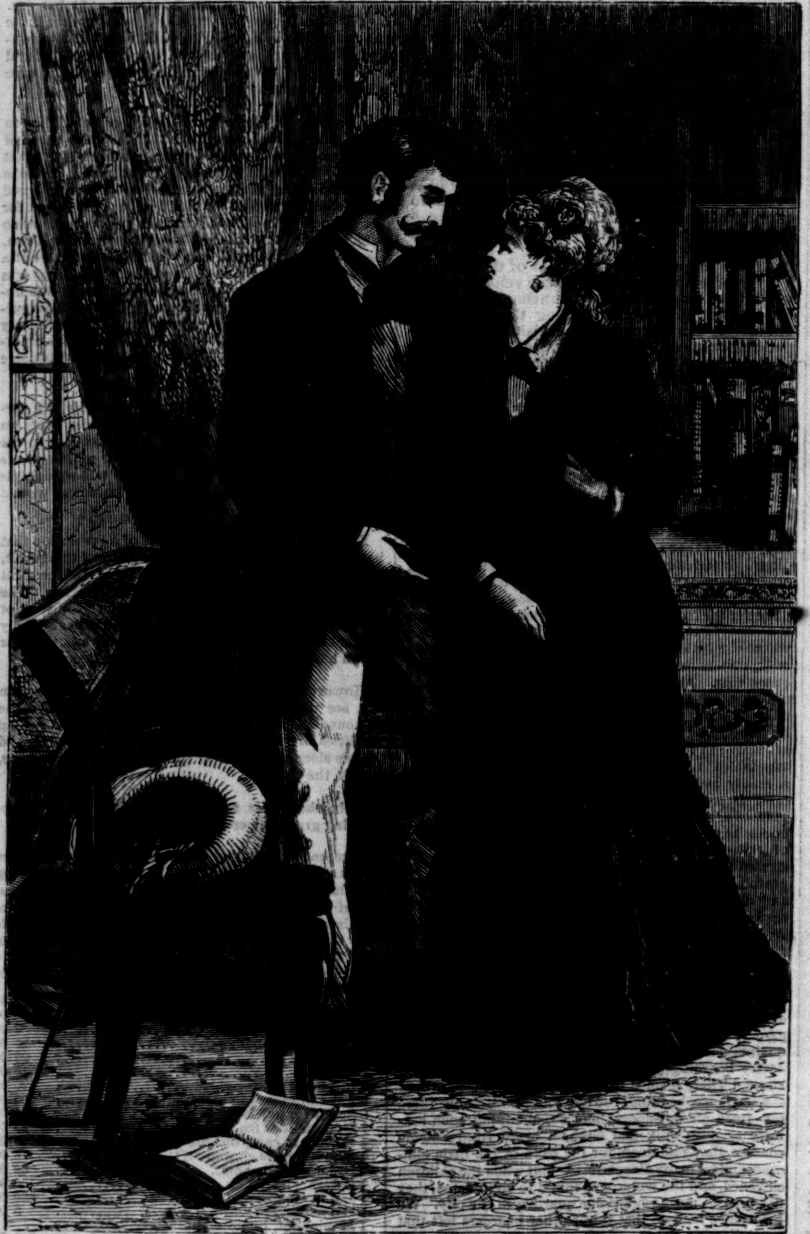
There was not much time to spare. As I cleared the river and landed safely on their side, Maud was but three yards from the overhanging cliff; but she had caught hold of a small sapling with one hand, and held for her life. At my best speed I ran toward them. Never even in my school-days had I got over the ground so fast; but Maud's strength had failed her, and she was already on the edge. One spring more, and I grasped her dress as the maniac, pulling her fiercely forward, sprang off the bank into the chasm below. Maud was carried over the edge by that last wild effort, but the dress held firm for an instant, though it seemed to give in every direction; the next minute I had my arm round her, and drew her on to the bank, scarcely looking in my agony at the rings of light floating wide over the water on the spot where the wretched madwoman had sunk.

As soon as I had placed Maud in safety I returned again to the water. A little way down the river I saw for an instant the poor woman's light dress floating, but before I could get to the spot it had sunk again. Hastily I threw off my coat and plunged in, but had scarcely done so when she rose a little way farther down. I followed, but again she sank out of my sight; though I dived again and again, and spent a long time in search of the body, it was in vain, and I was at last compelled to desist until I could send men with drags to continue the search. I then returned to where I had left Maud, and found her quite unconscious. She had borne up bravely while the danger lasted, but the sudden revulsion of feeling on finding herself safe had overpowered her. I carried her to the house, and leaving her in charge of my mother, hurried back with the necessary men and implements to continue the search. After many hours' fruitless anxiety and toil darkness forced us to leave off; and though we continued for several days seeking the body it was never found. We supposed the current had carried it down to the Severn, and that in the depths of that river it had been lost beyond all hope of recovery.

This was the fate of the lovely and unfortunate woman who had been so foolishly trustful as to repose confidence in the faith and love of such a man as Captain Cameron. I, who had seen her in her beauty and confiding affection, felt deep pity for her sad end, and it only added one more motive to the many that actuated me in my hatred to Captain Cameron.

When I returned to the house that evening, Maud was alone in the library. On seeing me she came frankly toward me, saying,

"Major Cairnsford, I can never thank you as I ought for having saved me from that unhappy woman. I owe you my life, and I hope you may not find me ungrateful. How can I show you my gratitude—words are so feeble?"



"I WILL NOT MARRY YOU."

"If you really feel that I have done you a service, you can do me a great favor by staying longer with us," I answered, feeling as I took her hand and gazed down on her sweet, earnest face that the moment was at last come, and that I should never have a better opportunity of pleading my cause than at that minute.

"If you really wish it," she replied, "I will ask mamma to stay; but I am afraid you will have more than enough of us. We have already been here so long, you will repent ever having asked us to the house."

She said this gayly, and turned, laughing, to her work that she had laid on the sofa; but I caught her hands and drew her toward me, saying,

"But I want you to live here always as the mistress;" then, seeing her face flush as she tried to draw herself away, I continued, "O Maud, have you not seen that I love you? You will not refuse me. I have waited so patiently; but now I must speak. I have been too near losing you to-day to restrain myself any longer."

"Major Cairnsford," she replied, "I am so very, very sorry. I can not, indeed I can not, do this for you, though I feel I owe my life to you." Then she continued, with a burst of passionate feeling, "Can you not feel, can you not understand, why I will not marry you? Esteem and honor you as a true friend I do, and ever shall do, but love you I can not, and you ought not, must not, ask it of me."

"Alas!" I answered, "I feel only too keenly that love such as I give you is not yours now to bestow on me; but they say love begets love, and mine is so true, so faithful, that I know some day I shall have yours in return. With that hope I will be content if you will give yourself to me, trusting one who knows the state of your heart, yet longs only for you. I shall have no fear of the result. You shall never, while I live, repent the day when you yielded to my entreaties."

"Impossible," she said again, trying to release herself. "I can not marry without love, and that is dead in me forever. Leave me, I entreat you, Major Cairnsford. You can not think how it grieves me to deny you any thing; but this can not be."

But I was half mad with despair, and held her hands as she tried to withdraw them.

"I will not give you up!" I cried. "I have lived a solitary life from my youth, and now when the cup of happiness seemed about to be presented to me, is it to be dashed from my lips? Is there no way in which I can move you, nothing that can induce you to alter your determination?"

"Nothing, Major Cairnsford," she answered, rather haughtily; "and I must insist on your leaving me. You are not acting like yourself, and are annoying and paining me more than I ever thought you would do."

"Then go," I cried, releasing her hand, and stepping from her. "Go, since you are so cold-hearted that all my passionate prayers and pleadings can not persuade you to reward the man whom you yourself assert has saved your life."

It was a mean speech, and I felt it to be so at the time; but despair forced it from me, in the vague hope that it might induce her to reconsider her resolution. She stopped, looked at me fixedly for a minute, and then answered:

"If you claim my life as due to you because saved by you, I give it, having no right to withhold it; only I did not know you sought it on those terms."

At that moment she despised me. I heard it in her tone; but I was like a shipwrecked mariner perishing from thirst, who drinks of the salt-water rolling around him, and dies mad from the fatal draught. I leaned breathlessly forward.

"That way, or any way," I cried: "I have your promise. You will love me in time, my own one, if devotion like mine can gain affection, as people say it can."

She shrank a little from me as I drew her toward me, and said, faintly,

"Only give me a little time. It is so sudden, and I was unprepared. You will give me a year, will you not? Surely you will not ask me to marry you for a year?" She drew back a little from me as she said this, and pressed her trembling hand to her forehead, saying, as if to herself, "His friend! Have you forgotten so soon? I can never forget."

There was intense pain in her tone, reproach to me, who dared utter words of love to her; reproach to herself, if she had in any way, by word or deed, encouraged my infatuation. But I was blind and mad, and cried, bitterly:

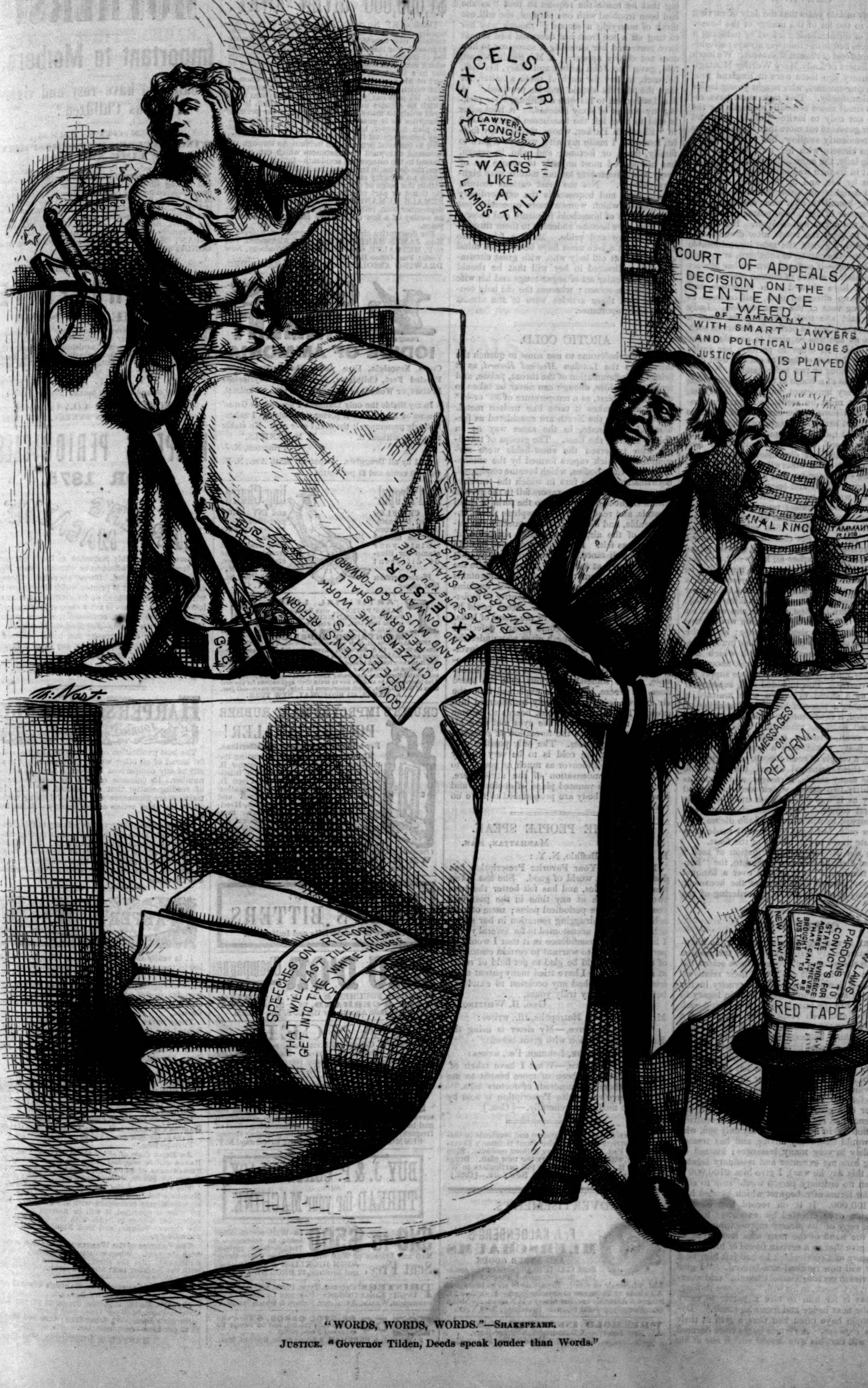
"O love, let the dead bury their dead! We are young and strong, and have years of life before us. Shall we pass them in lonely misery because death has carried off the best and noblest? My love is as true and earnest as his was, though I can never be loved as he; yet what I desire, what I pray for, is not the love he won, and might, had he lived, have worn so proudly. No; I crave only what remains, the last faint embers of a fire too sacred to burn afresh on another shrine. The year you ask I should be heartless indeed to refuse; till then I will wait in patient hope, having faith that my love will win yours at last."

And so it was settled. I knew by the tone of her voice that she hoped long ere the year had passed I would have forgotten her; but I felt that, even had my love been less deep than it was, such a woman, once known, could never be forgotten. She was so different from the girls one meets generally in society—so gay, yet so tender, so fearless, yet so gentle, so careless of herself, so true to others. I said nothing of this to her, but urged her to remain with her parents at Cairns till I should again see her; for I had made up my mind at once to return for that weary year to my regiment in India, to try among its wildest scenery to pass away the time that appeared endless to my longing heart.

But here also my persuasions were of little avail. One promise only could I exact from Maud; it was that she and her parents should remain a month longer with my mother and sisters before launching themselves upon the dismal ocean of London.

A day or two after this I left home again, with a sad heart, but a bright hope before me. After all, what was a year? But a short time indeed to those who hope—an eternity to those for whom hope is dead, or in whom fear reigns in its stead. And I had no fear. I knew that, next to the dead, I possessed my darling's esteem, and that none could displace me. What cause had I, then to be sad? I asked myself, as we bounded merrily over the sparkling wavelets of the summer sea. I was a lucky fellow, after all. Only for this year, this hateful year! But I would go up to the hills, and while it away as best I might, hunting big game there, whose skins would furnish trophies I might proudly lay at my bright love's feet on my return. So I built castles in the air, watching the curling smoke of my cigar through those golden days, while we sped onward toward Alexandria.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


EXCELSIOR
LAWYERS TONGUE
WAGS LIKE A LAMB'S TAIL.
COURT OF APPEALS
DECISION ON THE SENTENCE TWEED OF TAMMANY.
WITH SMART LAWYERS AND POLITICAL JUDGES JUSTIC[E] IS PLAYED OUT.
CANAL RING
TAMMANY RING
GOV. TILDEN'S SPEECHES. REFORM
CITIZENS OF REFORM, AND ONWARD MUST. THE WORK SHALL GO FORWARD
EXCELSIOR.
I ASSURE YOU YOUR RIGHTS SHALL BE ENFORCED WITH IMPARTIAL JUSTICE
MESSAGES ON REFORM.
SPEECHES ON REFORM THAT WILL LAST TILL I (TILDEN) GET INTO THE (S.) WHITE-HOUSE
NEW LAWS
PARDONS TO CONVICTS FOR STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THIEVES THAT CAN'T BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.
NEW LAWS
RED TAPE
Th: Nast.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."—Shakspeare.

Justice. "Governor Tilden, Deeds speak louder than Words."

CARVING.

IT is only of late years that the duty of carving has fallen to the lot of the master of the house. The work of dismembering a fowl or reducing a roast to slices before our time was always performed by the mistress of the establishment. We learn from the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that a century ago there were in England professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically. This task must have required no small share of bodily strength, for the lady was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her guests to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint in its turn was carried up to be operated upon by her, and by her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier. His department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. Lady Montagu said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect in the art on such occasions as she was required to preside at her father's table. In order to perform her duties successfully she was obliged to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

The mistress of a house at this period occupied not only a very important, but a very laborious, position. It must be mentioned that the profusion of provisions in the banquets of the time bordered upon barbarous magnificence, compared to the elegant modes of preparing dishes in the present day, and called for dining-halls and kitchens of sufficient dimensions to avoid the confusion that must otherwise have occurred. Hence the superintendence of a household was a labor of great extent and responsibility. It was held that a woman had no right to enter the estate of matrimony unless possessed of a good knowledge of cookery. Otherwise she could perform but half her vow. She might love and obey, but she could not cherish. To be perfect in this art she must know in which quarter of the moon to plant and gather all kinds of herbs and salads throughout the year. She must also be "cleanly, have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and a ready eare," and be neither butter-fingered, sweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted. For if she were the first of these, she would let every thing fall; if the second, she would consume that which she should increase; and if the third, she would lose time with too much niceness. For an ordinary feast, with which any goodman might entertain his friends, about sixteen dishes were considered a suitable supply for the first-course. This included such substantial articles as a shield of brawn with mustard, a boiled capon, a piece of boiled beef, a chine of beef roasted, a neat's tongue roasted, a pig roasted, minced chickens made into balls, a roasted goose, a swan, a turkey, a haunch of venison, a venison pasty, a kid with a pudding in it, an olive pie, a couple of roast capons, and a custard. Besides these principal dishes, the housewife added as many salads, fricassees, and pasties as made thirty-two dishes, which were considered as many as it was polite to put upon the table for a first course. Then followed second and third courses, in which many of the dishes were for show only, but were so tastefully made as to contribute much to the beauty of the feast.

With the carving and distribution of such a variety of dishes as these to attend to, the "burden of the honor" of presiding over a banquet must have pressed heavily upon the housewife whose duty it was to see to the ordering of the feast.

QUEER WILLS.

THERE is nothing more singular in the history of testamentary dispositions than the fashion in which the owners of property have seized the occasion to "have it out" with their relatives. There is a fiendish ingenuity of cruelty in the conduct of a man who leaves a certain legacy in his will to fire the imagination of such and such a relative, and then revokes the bequest by a codicil, giving the reasons for his so doing. Attached to other bequests well known in the lore of anecdote, phrases have been used which must have considerably lessened the satisfaction of the legatee. An Englishman once left the sum of *5s.* "to Mary Davis, daughter of Peter Delaport, which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk for the last time at my expense." A member of a great industrial family, which has been renowned for generations for its eccentricities, remarked in his will, "To my only son, who never would follow my advice, and has treated me rudely in very many instances: instead of making him my executor and residuary legatee (as till this day he was), I give him £100,000;" but then no ordinary person would stop to consider the terms of a bequest which handed him over £100,000. It is on record that another gentleman once directed his executors to purchase a copy of the picture representing a viper biting the hand of the man who had saved it, and to give that to a certain friend of his, in lieu of a legacy of £3000 which he had left him by a former will now revoked and burned. "I give and devise to my son, Daniel Church," said a certain Mr. S. Church, in his will, "only one shilling, and that is for him to hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he steals." Dying people have often had thus a grin at their friends' expense. A certain judge once decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second;" though why her cutting off a toe from her deceased lord should have prevented her choosing a successor to him does not clearly appear. A Mr. Swain, we are told, gave "to John Abbot and Mary, his wife, *6d.* each, to buy for each of them a halter, for fear the sheriffs should not be provided." A Mr. Darley left to his wife a shilling, "for picking my pocket of sixty guineas." A bookseller is said to have left the handsome legacy of £50 to "Elizabeth Parker, whom, through my foolish fondness, I made my wife, without regard to family, fame, or fortune; and who, in return, has not spared most unjustly to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature, save highway robbery." Not the least curious feature, too, in wills and bequests is the extraordinary importance which women more especially put upon articles of household furniture and decoration that have become endeared to them through constant care and pride. Many a friend has thought that a joke must have been in the mind of this or that old lady who, with great circumstantiality, directed in her will that he should have a particular set of sugar-tongs and his wife a knitted fire-screen; whereas the old lady considered that these articles were of the utmost value and importance.

ARCTIC COLD.

IT is unwholesome to use snow to quench the thirst, says the London *Medical Record*, as it brings an inflammation of the throat, palate, and tongue. Besides, enough can never be taken to quench the thirst, as a temperature of 30° or 40° below zero makes it taste like molten metal. Snow-eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate, in the same way as an opium-eater in the East. The groups of travelers who traversed the snow-fields were surrounded by thick vapors formed by the emanations from their bodies, which became condensed, notwithstanding the furs in which the travelers were enveloped. These vapors fell to the ground with a slight noise, frozen into the form of small crystals, and rendered the atmosphere thick, impenetrable, and dark. Notwithstanding the humidity of the air, a disagreeable sensation of dryness was felt. Every sound diffused itself to a very long distance. An ordinary conversation could be heard at a hundred paces off, while the report of guns from the top of high mountains could scarcely be heard. M. Payer explains this phenomenon by the large quantity of moisture in the arctic atmosphere. Meat could be chopped, and mercury used in the shape of balls. Both smell and taste become greatly enfeebled in these latitudes; strength gives way under the paralyzing influence of the cold; the eyes involuntarily close and become frozen. When locomotion stops, the sole of the foot becomes insensible. It is somewhat curious that the beard does not freeze, but this is explained from the air expired being immediately transformed into snow. The cold causes dark beards to become lighter; the secretion of the eyes and nose always increases, while the formation of perspiration altogether ceases. The only possible protection against the cold is to be very warmly clothed, and to endeavor as much as possible to prevent the condensation of the atmosphere, while the much-vaunted plans of anointing and blackening the body are pronounced to have no real value.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, KAN.

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GEO. B. WHITING.

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"Dr. R. V. Pierce,—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

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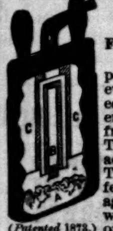

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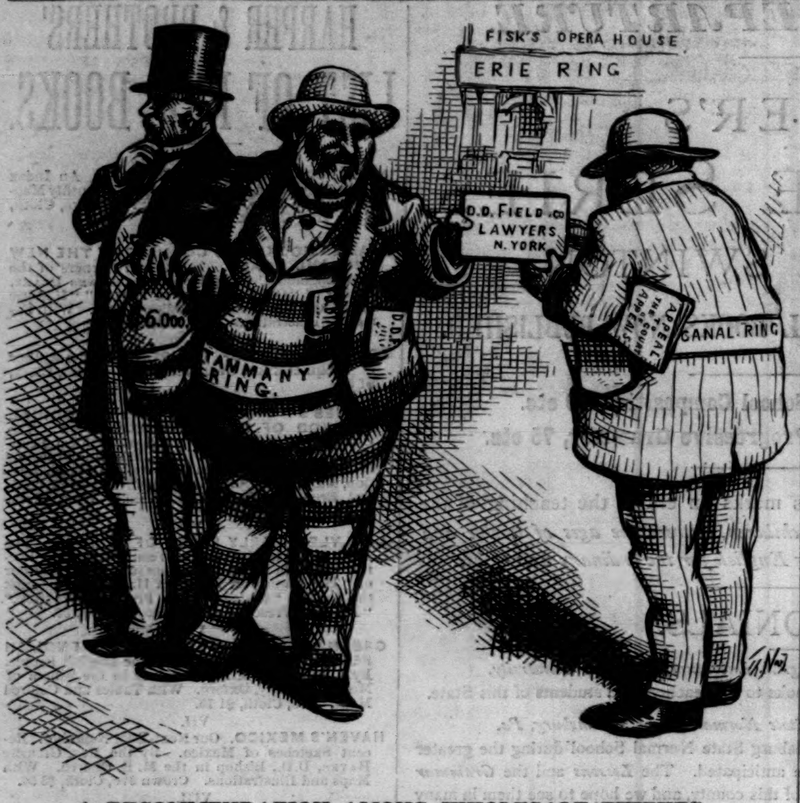

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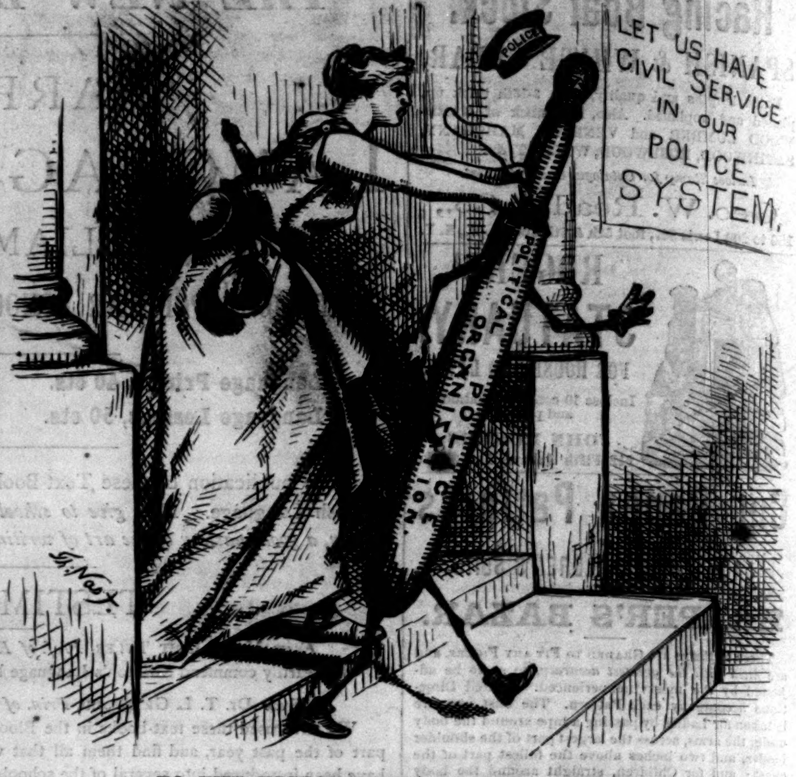

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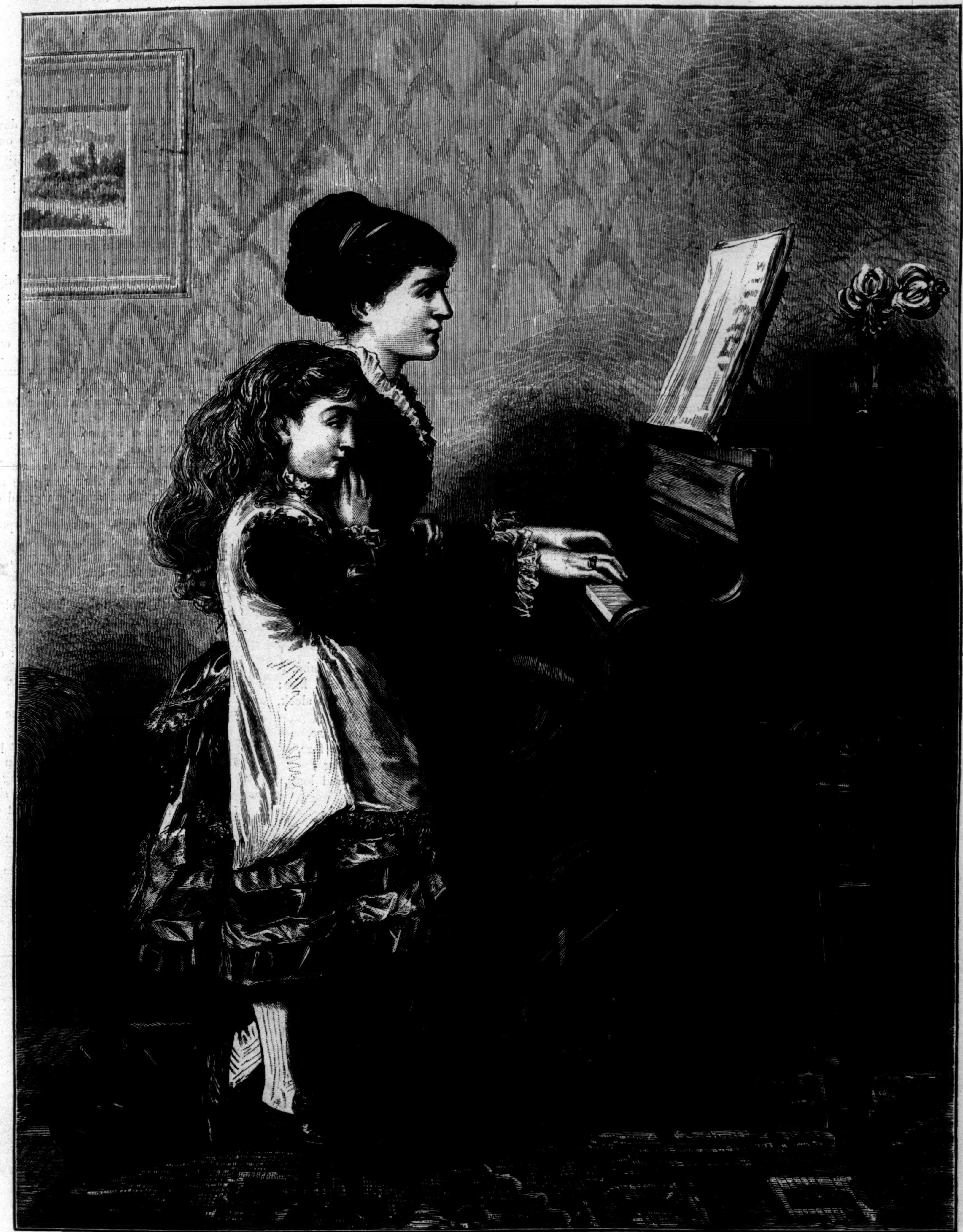
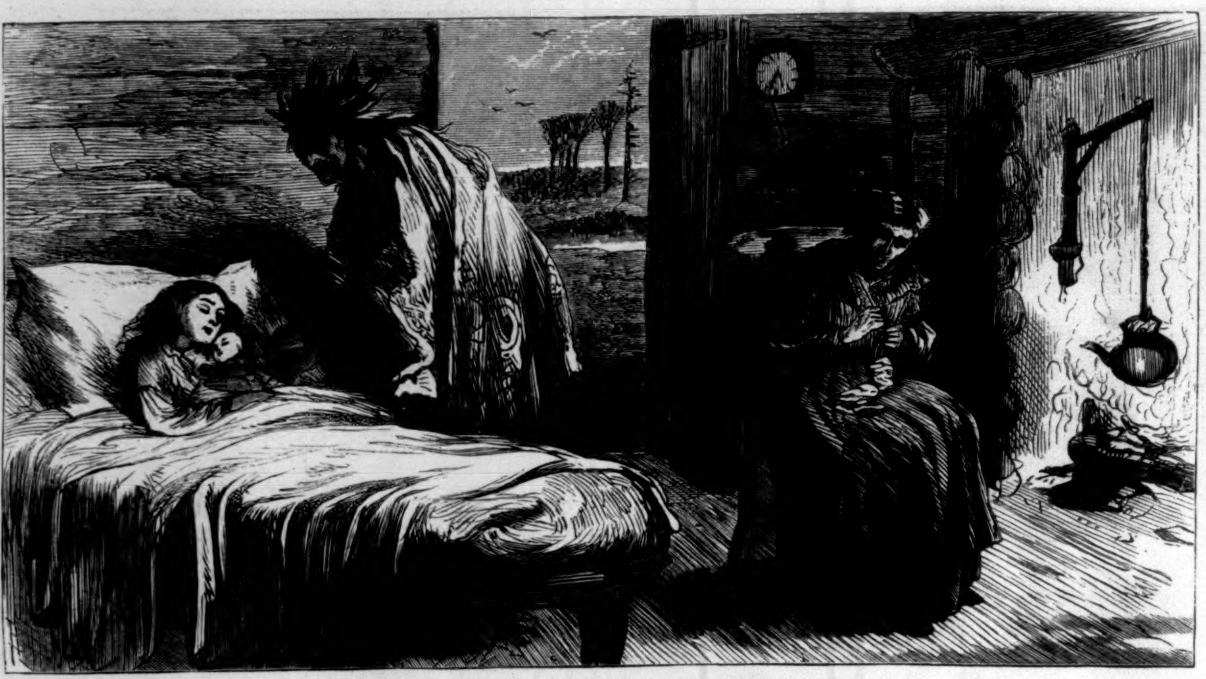


AT THE PIANO.

Waiting in the twilight, while the music floats,
Fairy whispers breathing through the silvery notes,
Where the glancing fire-light mocks the dusky gloom,
Light and shadow playing through the curtained room—
Watchers fair
Listening there
For a simple music often heard before—
Waiting, watching, listening,
For a latch-key at the door.

Outside on the pavement footsteps echo loud;
Marching, marching onward, comes the busy crowd;
Shadows settling round them, clouds of gloomy gray,
Twilight sends the toilers on their homeward way,
There to meet
Kisses sweet
From the lips that love them—wait, when day is o'er,
Listening for the rattle
Of a latch-key in the door.

Joyous is the music, wild and sweet the strain,
Through the windows greeting him who comes again.
Winter winds are whistling, winter skies above,
But within his dwelling warmth and life and love.
Sweet and fair,
Watching there,
Listening for a footstep on the marble floor—
Waiting for the grating
Of a latch-key in the door.



"WHEN GRAVE BAW BEESE, THE INDIAN CHIEF,
HAD BEADED THE NECK OF THE PALE-FACE MISS."

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THREE LINKS OF A LIFE.

A FARM LEGEND.

By WILL CARLETON.

I.

A WORD went over the hills and plains
Of the scarce-hewn fields that the Tiffin drains,
Through dens of swamps and jungles of trees,
As if it were borne by the buzzing bees
As something sweet for the sons of men;
Or as if the blackbird and the wren
Had lounged about each ragged clearing
To gossip it in the settlers' hearing;
Or the partridge drum-corps of the wood
Had made the word by mortals heard,
And Diana made it understood;
Or the loud-billed hawk of giant sweep
Were told it as something he must keep;

As now, in the half-built city of Lane,
Where the sons of the settlers strive for gain,
Where the Indian trail is graded well,
And the anxious ring of the engine-bell
And the Samson Steam's deep, stuttering word
And the factory's dinner-horn are heard;
Where burghers fight, in friendly guise,
With spears of bargains and shields of lies;
Where the sun-smoked farmer, early a-road,
Rides into the town his high-built load
Of wood or wool, or corn or wheat,
And stables his horses in the street;—
It seems as to each and every one
A deed were known ere it well be done,
As if, in spite of roads or weather,
All minds were whispering together;

So over the glens and rough hill-sides
Of the fruitful land where the Tiffin glides,
Went the startling whisper, clear and plain,
"*There's a new-born baby over at Lane!*"

Now any time, from night till morn,
Or morn till night, for a long time-flight,
Had the patient squaws their children borne;
And many a callow, coppery wight
Had oped his eyes to the tree-flecked light,
And grown to the depths of the woodland dell
And the hunt of the toilsome hills as well
As though at his soul a bow were slung,
And a war-whoop tattooed on his tongue;
But never before, in the Tiffin's sight,
Had a travail bloomed with a blossom of white.

And the fire-tanned logger no longer pressed
His yoke-bound steeds and his furnace fire;
And the gray-linked log-chain drooped to rest,
And a hard face softened with sweet desire;
And the settler-housewife, rudely wise,
With the forest's shrewdness in her eyes,
Yearned, with tenderly wondering brain,
For the new-born baby over at Lane.

And the mother lay in her languid bed,
When the flock of visitors had fled—
When the crowd of settlers all had gone,
And left the young lioness alone
With the tiny cub they had come to see
In the rude-built log menagerie;
When grave Baw Beese, the Indian chief,
As courtly as ever prince in his prime,
Or cavalier of the olden time,
Had beaded the neck of the pale-face miss,
And dimpled her cheek with a farewell kiss;
When the rough-clad room was still as sleek,
Save the deaf old nurse's needle-click,
The beat of the grave clock in its place,
With its ball-tipped tail and owl-like face,
And the iron tea-kettle's droning song
Through its Roman nose so black and long,
The mother lifted her baby's head,
And gave it a clinging kiss, and said:

Why did thou come so straight to me,
    Thou queer one?
Thou might have gone where riches be,
    Thou dear one!
For when 'twas talked about in heaven,
To whom the sweet soul should be given,
If thou had raised thy pretty voice,
God sure had given to thee a choice,
    My dear one, my queer one!

"Babe in the wood" thou surely art,
    My lone one:
But thou shalt never play the part,
    My own one!
Thou ne'er shalt wander up and down,
With none to claim thee as their own;
Nor shall the Redbreast, as she grieves,
Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
    My own one, my lone one!

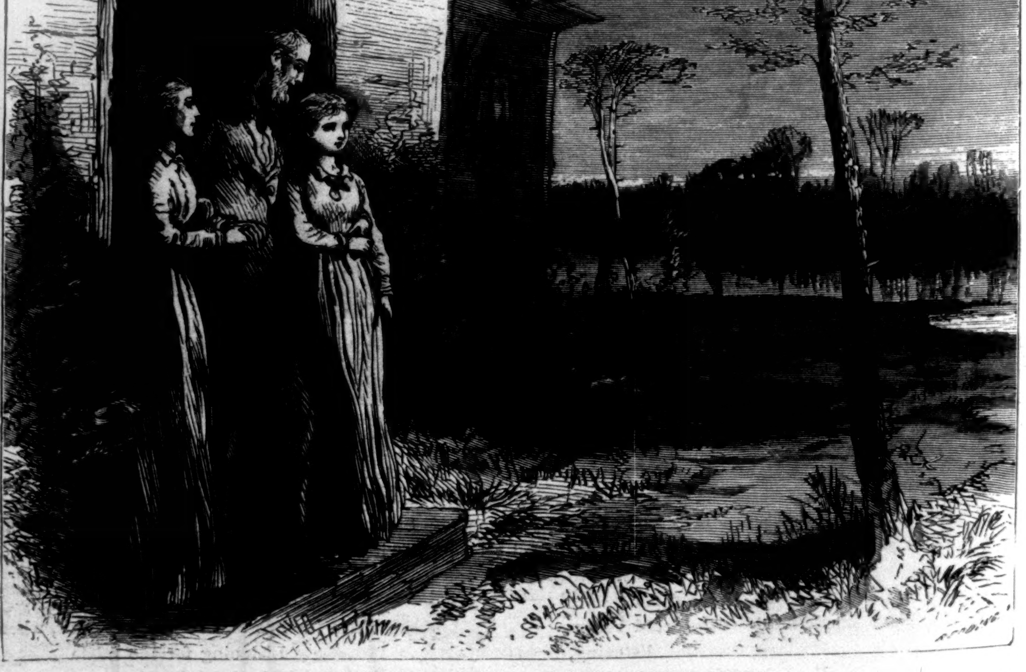
Although thou be not Riches' flower,
    Thou neat one,
Yet thou hast come from Beauty's bower,
    Thou sweet one!
Thy every smile's as warm and bright
As if a diamond mocked its light;
Thy every tear's as pure a pearl
As if thy father was an earl,
    Thou neat one, thou sweet one!

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
    Thou grand one:
A lassie's christening's half her fame,
    Thou bland one!
And may thou live so good and true,
The honor will but be thy due;
And friends shall never be ashamed,
Or when or where they hear thee named,
    Thou bland one, thou grand one!

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
    Thou meek one,
Thou art my burden and support,
    Thou weak one!
Like manna in the wilderness,
A joy hath come to soothe and bless;
But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
To love as I am loving thee,
    Thou weak one, thou meek one!

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
    Thou bright one,
To bear thee through the sky-blue gates,
    Thou light one!
His feverish touch thy brow may pain,
And while I to my sad lips strain
The sheath of these bright-beaming eyes,
The blade may flash back to the skies,
    Thou light one, thou bright one!

And if thou breast the morning storm,
    Thou fair one,
And gird a woman's thrilling form,
    Thou rare one:
Sly hounds of sin thy path will trace,
And on thy unsuspecting face



"THEY STOOD IN THE SHADE OF THE WESTERN DOOR."

will rest its tarnished eyes,
u wilt need be worldly-wise,
hou rare one, thou fair one!

he heaven that smiles to-day,
y blest one,
e thee light to see thy way,
y best one!
en around thee creeps The Gloom,
cious God will call thee home,
en, increased a hundredfold,
oudly hand Him back His gold,
y best one, my blest one!

II.

ent over the many miles
ll-tilled land where the Tiffin smiles,
ht no youthful ear in vain:
a wedding a-coming off at Lane!"

d in the shade of the western door—
other, and daughter one—
d, as they oft had gazed before,
wnward glide of the western sun.
of his never-jealous light
n the cloud that dimmed him bright;
r he bent, and kissed, as he stood,
of the distant blue-eyed wood.

as the tired sun bowed his head,
rowned farmer sighed, and said:

you'll soon be goin' away,
arling little Bess;
u ha' been to the store to-day,
uy your weddin'-dress;

your dear good mother an' I,
e love you long have known,
y the light o' your presence by,
walk the road alone.

e to-night, with mother and me,
e porch for an hour or two,
on your old father's knee,
same as you used to do;

who ha' loved you many a year,
clung to you, strong and true,
e've had the young Professor here,
not had much of you!

ers be lovers while earth endures;
once on a time, be it known,
d a girl with eyes like yours
ruct a world of our own;

e laid it out in a garden spot,
dwelt in the midst of flowers,
found that the world was a good-sized
most of it wasn't ours!

heavier, girl, than when you come
s one cloudy day,
emed to feel so little at home,
feared you wouldn't stay;

knew the danger was passed, because
d struck so mortal a track,
ot so independent an' cross,
never would let you back!

o would ever ha' had the whim,
n you lay in my arms an' cried,
some time sit here, pretty an' prim,
itin' to be a bride!

ers be lovers while earth goes on,
marry, as they ought;
you would keep the heart you've won,
ember what you've been taught:

first that your wedded lives be true,
naught from each other apart;
e flowers of true love never grew
he soil of a faithless heart.

next that the buds of health shall rest
r blossoms upon your cheek;
e and love are a burden at best
e body be sick and weak.

"HIDING E'EN FROM THE DARK HIS FACE."

Look next that your kitchen fire be bright,
And your hands be neat and skilled;
For the love of man oft takes its flight
If his stomach be not well filled.

Look next that your money is fairly earned
Ere ever it be spent;
For comfort and love, however turned,
Will ne'er pay ten per cent.

And, next, due care and diligence keep
That the mind be trained and fed;
For blessings ever look shabby and cheap
That light on an empty head.

And if it shall please the gracious God
That children to you belong,
Remember, my child, and spare the rod
Till you've taught them right and wrong;

And show 'em that though this life's a start
For the better world, no doubt,
Yet earth an' heaven ain't so far apart
As many good folks make out.

III.

A word went over the broad hill-sweeps
Of the listening land where the Tiffin creeps:
"*She married, holding on high her head;*
But the groom was false as the vows he said;
With lies and crimes his days are checked;
The girl is alone, and her life is wrecked."

The midnight rested its heavy arm
Upon the grief-encumbered farm;
And hoarse-voiced Sorrow wandered at will,
Like a moan when the summer's night is still;
And the spotted cows, with bellies of white,
And well-filled teats all crowded awry,
Stood in the black stalls of the night,
Nor herded nor milked, and wondered why.
And the house was gloomy, still, and cold;
And the hard-palmed farmer, newly old,
Sat in an unfrequented place,
Hiding e'en from the dark his face;
And a solemn silence rested long
On all, save the cricket's dismal song.

But the mother drew the girl to her breast,
And gave to her spirit words of rest:

Come to my lap, my wee-grown baby; rest thee upon my knee;
You have been traveling toward the light, and drawing away from me;
You turned your face from my dark path to catch the light o' the sun,
And 'tis no more nor less, my child, than children ever have done.
So you joined hands with one you loved, when we to the cross-road came,
And went your way, as Heaven did say, and who but Heaven to blame?

You must not weep that he you chose was all the time untrue,
Or stab with hate the man whose heart you thought was made for you.
The love God holds for your bright soul is more to get and give
Than all the love of all of the men while He may bid them live.
So let your innocence stanch the wound made by another's guilt;
For Vengeance' blade was ever made with neither guard nor hilt.

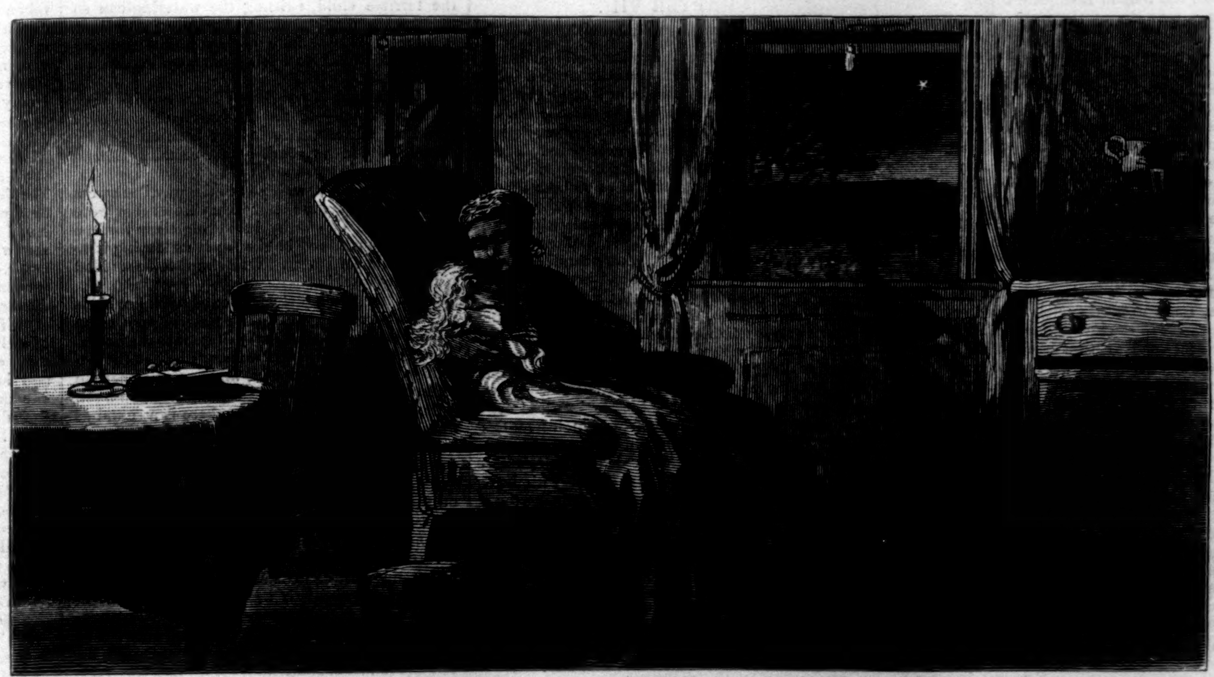
Who will avenge you, darling? The sun that shines on high.
He will paint the picture of your wrongs before the great world's eye.
He will look upon your sweet soul, in its pure mantle of white,
Till it shine upon your enemies, and dazzle all their sight.
He'll come each day to point his finger at him who played the knave;
And 'tis denied from him to hide, excepting in the grave.

Who will avenge you, darling? Your sister, the sky above.
Each cloud she floats above you shall be a token of love;
She will bend o'er you at night-fall her pure broad breast of blue,
And every gem that glitters there shall flash a smile to you.
And all her great wide distances to your good name belong;
'Tis not so far from star to star as 'twixt the right and wrong.

Who will avenge you, darling? All the breezes that blow.
They will whisper to each other your tale of guiltless woe;
The perfumes that do load them your innocence shall bless,
And they will soothe your aching brow with pitying, kind caress.
They will sweep away the black veil that hangs about your fame:
There is no cloud that long can shroud a virtuous woman's name.

Who will avenge you, darling? The one who proved untrue.
His memory must undo him, whate'er his will may do;
The pitch-black night will come when he must meet Remorse alone;
He will rush at your avenging as if it were his own.
His every sin is but a knot that yet shall hold him fast;
For guilty hands but twine the strands that fetter them at last.

Lay thee aside thy grief, darling!—lay thee aside thy grief!
And Happiness will cheer thee beyond all thy belief!
As oft as winter comes summer, as sure as night comes day,
And as swift as sorrow cometh, so swift it goeth away!
E'en in your desolation you are not quite unblest:
Not all who choose may count their woes upon a mother's breast.


"E'EN IN YOUR DESOLATION YOU ARE NOT QUITE UNBLEST:
NOT ALL WHO CHOOSE MAY COUNT THEIR WOES UPON A MOTHER'S BREAST."